# OUTLOOK
## and Independent

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**"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."**
***—Theodore Roosevelt***

## WITH OUR READERS

### *Racial Hybridism*

*To the Editor:* *Wise, Va.*

SIR—I have read Caleb Johnson's article, "Crossing the Color Line," with avid interest the second time. Its importance to that fascinating science, ethnology, cannot be underestimated. It is undoubtedly true that there has existed and is existing the popular belief that at any time a Negro offspring may result from White parents. But in the light of ethnological research, no such belief can be supported. The problem of racial hybridism has been a vexing one throughout the ages, but only in recent times has it been considered with objective interest. This article has incited in me an interest in the result of miscegenation. If it is true that the "American Negro will eventually vanish, completely absorbed into the general body of mixed bloods of all races," what effect will that have on the mental and physical condition of the American people? Does miscegenation tend to raise the mental and emotional standards of the Negro strain in the offspring and lower those of the White strain? Or does it result in offspring who possess the best or worst in both parents? Another article that would discuss the physical and scientific aspects of miscegenation and not the social would, I think, be widely accepted.

H. CLAY ROBERSON.

### *Vote Wet*

*To the Editor:* *New York City*

SIR—To one of your subscribers in this land of government mismanagement and a staunch supporter of your views on this contemptible prohibition law, your articles come like a ray of sunshine out of the darkness. The writer wishes to commend you most highly for your article entitled, "Let's Use Common Sense," which meets with his one hundred per cent approval.

In conclusion will say that the writer will not, no matter what the economic issues, sponsored by hypocritical and stupid Administration officials, or what magnitude of prosperity we are enjoying, support a candidate unless said candidate be committed unequivocally to repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Please keep up this patriotic service.

HARRY K. BRUNNER.

### *Post-War Demoralization*

*To the Editor:* *Buffalo*

SIR—Permit me to congratulate you on your suspension of booze propaganda sufficiently to print a really readable article, "Crossing the Color Line," by Caleb Johnson in your issue of August 26. So far as I can remember it is the only worth while thing you have done for some months.

It apparently does not occur to you that there is any subject besides booze to discuss, even if there be two sides to it. It seems to me that prohibition works for the greater good of the greater number, for I do not now see drunken men in the street, and I am informed that the improvement is still more marked in villages and country towns. Certainly many people who drank before have ceased to do so simply because it was too much trouble. To be sure women enjoy writing for the magazines of their drunken experiences, but they are not so important as the people who do real work and refrain from booze, the absolute importance of which it seems to me you exaggerate. It is the fashion to attribute every modern evil to prohibition or to the sunspots, because people forget that every war is followed by periods of demoralization. Colonial church records illustrate sexual immorality after the French and Indian War, some of us have heard of Shay's Rebellion after the Revolution, and I can myself recall the presidential cabinet scandals after the Civil War. Bad as all wars are, their aftermath is still worse.

FREDERICK J. SHEPARD.

### *Relieving the Motorist*

*To the Editor:* *Atlanta*

SIR—I have read, with interest, your article of August 19th, under the caption, "This Motor Ache." I formerly lived at Rahway, N. J., through which two great highways now run from New York City to Philadelphia, and the many shore points. The traffic on these highways, particularly during the summer months, is unbearable. I have seen swarms of automobiles jammed for hours on Sunday nights. I have seen many drivers pull over to the side of the road, cut off the switch, and try to get an hour or two of sleep during the early hours of a Monday morning.

Oftentimes I have thought: Why haven't some of the large railroads, such as the Pennsylvania, New York Central and many others, erected an elevated paved road on top of their tracks, for which they would be entitled to charge the motoring public a reasonable fee? The getting on and off stations could be every five or ten miles or even more. What a pleasure it would be to drive from New York to Washington or Pittsburgh over such a highway, which would be free of sharp curves, signals, cross streets, etc., to say nothing of the congestion of traffic on the streets below. Since the railroads own this right-of-way, it would seem to me they should use it. They complain that automobiles and trucks are giving them severe competition. Here would be a chance for them to obtain some revenue from this competition.

R. K. ARNOLD.

### *Russian Spelling*

*To the Editor:* *New York City*

SIR—In my article, "A Gold Rush to Moscow" (Outlook, July 15), I quoted questions addressed to me by some Americans: "Have you got some good text books to learn some Russian in the quickest time possible?" and my answer "that there is not a single English text book that employs the new Russian orthography."

At the time I wrote the article I knew of the Lippincott dictionaries which Mr. J. Jefferson Jones mentions in his letter (OUTLOOK, August 12), but I did not consider them the best means "to learn some Russian in the quickest time possible." I thought, and still think, that these dictionaries are good for a student who already has some knowledge of the Russian language or for one who simultaneously uses a so-called "self-learner" like Hugo's only in the new orthography and in the more modern spirit. Unfortunately, there is no such modern Russian "self-learner" on sale in America. By text books I meant such "self-learners" and grammars and not dictionaries. Dictionaries are insufficient without "self-learners" and grammars.

ALBERT PARRY.

## COMMENT


Cartoon by *Cesare* 34
Trend of the Week 35
Action Versus Exhortation 41
Backstage in Washington 42


## ARTICLES


Roosevelt the Favorite! 43

Brood of Folly 46
*Miriam Allen de Ford*

Cruises to Nowhere 48
*Henry F. Pringle*

How Dry Is Maine? 50
*David Gray*


## REGULAR FEATURES


Sports 52
Business 53
Movies 54
Theatre 55
Books 56
Music 59
Prose and Worse 60
From the Life 61


## Next Week

**Roosevelt, a Biography**
**Beginning a Revealing Serial on a Great American.**
*By Henry F. Pringle*

This first installment of a serial on the ex-President tells for the first time in intimate detail of one of the saddest and most appealing chapters of his eventful life—the romance with Alice Lee, who died soon after their marriage, when Alice Roosevelt Longworth was born.

**Welcome to the Next War!**
*By Herbert Corey*

A noted war correspondent frankly points out that thousands of veterans, thousands of jobless and men in financial straits—yes, and women, too—would gladly see war come again, for, he says, it would mean great adventure and prosperity to them.

**The Brazen Dr. Bruening**
*By Gerhard Hirschfeld*

A study of the scholar who is turning out to be an Iron Chancellor in Germany.


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*HIS MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT*

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

# Trend of the Week

## Roosevelt's Lead

ELSEWHERE in this issue the OUTLOOK publishes a poll of Democratic and Independent editors which indicates a probable victory for Governor Roosevelt at the Democratic convention. He is, of course, not an avowed candidate. But his friends have also been taking a poll and their result points to 806 votes on the first ballot, more than the necessary two-thirds. Only three other candidates, according to this tabulation, are in sight: Governor Ritchie of Maryland, Senator Robinson of Arkansas and Governor Bryan of Nebraska. Their strength, however, is so small as to be negligible. Some 240 delegates are in doubt and may also be for the New York governor.

This is excellent strategy. The talk had been that Roosevelt, too far ahead at too early a date, would be the victim of alliances among his foes. The poll by his friends, naturally partisan, may not be valuable as evidence, but it may be effective psychologically. It shows no sign of hostile alliances. It sets forth that any movement by Chairman John J. Raskob or other friends of Alfred E. Smith to block Roosevelt has made no progress. Even a break with Tammany Hall cannot do more than alienate a very few of the 94 delegates from New York, and Roosevelt is equally strong in the East, the West, the South and the North. What a man! What strength! So may Roosevelt's rivals mutter among themselves and then conclude that the only wise course is a seat on the bandwagon.

## Believe It or Not

AN AVIATOR flies the North Atlantic without hitting the front pages! It is the year's most startling development in the air and newsrooms.

A year ago Captain Wolfgang von Gronau brought his seaplane roaring into Manhattan's front yard after a seven-hop flight from Germany. In return he got the keys to the city, headlines everywhere and half of the rotogravures. Now Captain Gronau flies into Canada from Germany, by much the same route as in 1930, and gets—you may not believe it—nothing but one-inch, two-inch and three-inch stories on the inside pages. The point isn't that there is anything wrong with this change from 1930—for there isn't—but that there is a change. The cynic may attribute this sudden sanity to the whims of the editors. The optimist may believe that aviation, especially our view of aviation, is outgrowing its rompers. But it's all unexplainable to us, though we would like to see more of it.

## What's Sauce for Wets

REV. DR. GEORGE KIEFER, president of the Long Island Conference of the United Lutheran Synod of New York, has demanded that Rev. Paul Beard resign his pastorate at Queens Village and surrender his ordination papers because he has been named head of the wet Prohibition Referendum League. The charge against Mr. Beard is simplicity itself—"He has," Dr. Kiefer says, "found other employment for his talents than the gospel ministry."

Hats off to Dr. Kiefer and his standard for ministers. Let it not be resisted but imitated, from one end of the country to the other. If the resignation is to be demanded of the minister who works for a wet organization, let us have the resignation of the minister who works for a dry one. He too "has found other employment for his talents than the gospel ministry." He too, as Dr. Kiefer says of Mr. Beard, has a right to his own opinion as an individual citizen. But as a minister—well, let it be done and unemployment will be a major problem.

## In re Hats

THIS Empress Eugénie hat discussion must some day come to an end, but not without presentation of the following testimony:

"Tell me how bonnets are worn in England?" a good lady has written. "Dropping off behind? Can nobody wear anything else? I and *Punch* resisted this unnatural and most uncomfortable fashion as long as we could; and now that tyrant Robert insists on my 'wearing hats like other people.' Really it diminishes my happiness in life, and I owe an immense grudge to the Empress Eugénie for tormenting me so, just because she likes to show her own beautiful face."

This letter might have been written just the other day. Actually it was written from Florence, Italy, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning on April 27, 1855, and is, we insist, the last as well as the first word on this abomination. The prosecution rests.

## Hear No Evil

THE THREE LITTLE MONKEYS—Hear No Evil, See No Evil and Think No Evil—must be having a most difficult time over the investigation of the funds which Bishop Cannon handled in his

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1928 anti-Smith campaign. For those persons who hear, see and think, however, the investigation certainly yields two juicy developments.

The first is concerned with Bishop Cannon himself. This country is yet to be accustomed to bishops who make their church a barrier to a candidate for the Presidency. Nor is it accustomed to one who—declared to have reported but $17,000 of a $65,000 campaign contribution and so to have violated the federal corrupt practices act—makes more efforts to stop an inquiry into the charges than to clear himself of them. Accustomed or not, it now sees the peculiar behavior of Bishop Cannon dramatized by the Senate Campaign Funds Investigating Committee. While the Bishop sulks in Europe, while his efforts to stop the inquiry fail, while his woman secretary and his churchly associate in the campaign both refuse to testify as to the disposition of the funds, the committee calmly shows how our politico-religio-financial wizard switched

*$10,000 MAN*
*Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, former Senator from New Jersey*

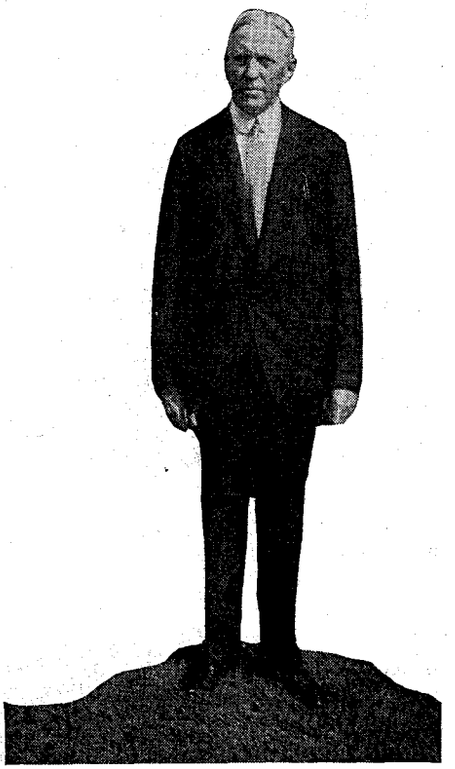
funds from political to personal bank accounts. It is an amazing story, involving transfers of eight bank accounts, adding nothing to the Bishop's credentials.

The second fascinating phase concerns the source of funds. The facts here are quite pertinent in light of the holy, unending denials by the Republican National Committee that it was at the root of the Bishop's noble campaigning. The inquiry now draws line after line toward that committee and its beneficiary, Mr. Hoover. It shows, among other things: (a) that the celebrated $65,000 contribution by E. C. Jameson was made after communications from Republican National Chairman Work and Mr. Hoover's Western Manager Good; (b) that while Mr. Good was rewarded with a cabinet position another was discussed for Mr. Jameson by C. Bascom Slemp, a Cannon helpmate; (c) that a $10,000 contribution to the Cannon fund came from former Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, whose activity was reported by Jameson to Good; (d) that $5,000 was placed in the anti-Smith war chest by Claudius Huston, cog in the Hoover machine, who was subsequently elevated to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. With these new lights thrown on old suspicions only the three monkeys can think either that the Bishop was a saint or that his 1928 employers were angels.

## ▶▶*Do Something Now*

IN ITS CURRENT BULLETIN the National City Bank believes it "inconceivable" that the months will be permitted to drift by without further action regarding the European financial situation in general and that of Germany in particular. The Hoover moratorium was proposed to permit time for recovery abroad. It would be, the City Bank points out, "miraculous . . . . for such recovery to take place within a year." Two months of the period of grace have already passed and July 1, 1932, will draw close with astonishing swiftness. "If nothing is done," the bank warns, "the world at that time will be in a more difficult situation than it was in June this year, when the moratorium was first proposed."

Such are the voices of warning, and one hopes that they penetrate the inner recesses of the White House. The National City Bank's analysis is thoughtful, sound, impressive. What the world needs is "restoration of confidence." And then comes once again the statement that would seem so obvious had not its implication been so often denied in Washington. Business must be relieved from "concern over the possibility of a premature attempt to force resumption of debt payments." Reparations and allied debts *are* related. The fallacy to which politicians of so many countries have



*$5,000 MAN*
*Claudius H. Huston, former Republican National Chairman*

stubbornly held, that blood can be extracted from stones, must be discarded.

The National City Bank feels that the Wiggin report emphasizes the necessity for "a *realistic* settlement [the italics are ours] of the reparations question as an indispensable prerequisite of German recovery." The Wiggin committee has given warning that "there is no time to lose." Nor is there. It will not do to wait until April or May of next year and then, once more, take desperate measures to avert a catastrophe in Germany and therefore in the world. We wish that Mr. Hoover's secretariat would file this report of the National City Bank, exhume it every fortnight and place it on the President's desk.

## ▶▶*God Save the Pound!*

PREMIER MACDONALD will not bow to the wishes of his Seaham Harbor constituency and resign from his seat in the House of Commons and thereby, of course, from the coalition government just formed. He will continue to serve as the nominal premier despite the denunciations of the die-hard Labor group which once hailed him as its leader. Ahead stretch weeks of weary conferences at which somehow will be evolved a program. Stanley Baldwin will be in

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attendance, with a fresh supply of tobacco for his briar pipe. Sir Herbert Samuel will be there, as the representative of the shaggy Lloyd George who is convalescing from his long illness. Thus will Labor, the Conservatives and the Liberals attempt to find a way out.

Sykes—N. Y. Evening Post

*A CASE OF 'AVE TO!*

It is hard to picture Ramsay MacDonald as a heroic figure; the man who goes down the middle of the road seldom seems so. It is difficult to be patient with the wing led by Arthur Henderson who signed the manifesto of the Trades Union Council, the national executive committee of the Labor Party and the consultative committee of the Parliamentary Labor Party. They said that the crisis, severe as it was, did not justify the program which brought the coalition into being. It was not yet time to cut unemployment insurance or, in a demagogic phrase, to abandon the traditional Labor policy of "taxing the rich to provide necessities for the poor." The ogre of economic necessity was not yet frightening enough, the manifesto said, to justify abandonment of social welfare plans. But when the left wing suggested additional taxation, its recommendation was a generality and not a program.

MacDonald will continue as premier until there is an election, and behind all the shouting and the confusion lies just one fact—that the pound sterling is to be maintained. Even Henderson did not suggest abandonment of the gold standard. Nor is there any sign that the average Britisher, whether his home is in the slums or in Grosvenor Square, has seriously considered this heresy. A King, a mighty fleet, a pound at par; these are as much a part of England as the murky fog of a London afternoon, as her green fields and neat houses and primroses. How to muddle through is the task which now faces the coalition, but the pound sterling will be saved. England was an easy victim, if victim she is, to economic forces.

## ▸▸*Help Arrives*

THE CHARGE of the anti-MacDonald Labor group that international bankers were responsible for the fall of the Socialist government in England might seem to be supported by the swiftness with which credit was extended after the coalition. The new government was formed on August 24. Four days later a one-year credit of $400,000,000 was arranged by private bankers of the United States and France. The purpose for which the loan will be used is solely the stabilization of sterling.

Of course, no threats against the Labor Party were made by any banker or any syndicate. Nobody said to MacDonald: "Resign as Socialist Premier or we'll wreck the pound sterling." No threats were needed. International finance, like the international statesmanship it sometimes controls, is more subtle. It "became known," let us say, that the withdrawals of gold from England were due to uneasiness on the part of those whose capital had been lent on short term to London. The basis of their uneasiness was, obviously, the existing world economic situation. From the middle of July on, the withdrawals continued at an alarming rate and were not halted by the $250,000,000 credit extended jointly on August 1 by the Federal Reserve Bank and the Bank of France.

The pound will be saved, at least for the present. On this depended the plans for balancing the British budget. If sterling continues at par it may be possible to convert a part of Great Britain's national debt from a 5 to a 4 per cent basis. Additional forms of taxation can be considered. The horrid subject of a tariff for Free Trade England can be argued.

## ▸▸*Cotton Prohibition*

WHEN THE DEMAND for, say, lawn mowers, is less than the supply, John Doe, the manufacturer, shuts down his production until the demand can catch up. But when the demand for cotton and wheat is less than the supply, John Doe, the cotton grower, and Richard Roe, the wheat farmer, do not shut down their production. Hence while we have idle hands and idle money in industry we do not have them on the farms. Instead we have bumper crops, increasing surpluses and decreasing prices. Specifically, we have 47 cent wheat, 7 cent cotton and agricultural bankruptcy. Every one recognizes that overproduction is the fault and every one says that, to get adequate returns from their crops, the cotton and wheat farmer should reduce production. But it all ends there.

Governor Huey P. Long of Louisiana would not have it so. He comes forward with a plan for the legislatures of the cotton states to prohibit cotton growing in 1932. Here, it must be recognized, is an effective means of decreasing production. At the moment, both houses of the Louisiana legislature have unanimously passed the cotton prohibition law which Governor Long, of course, has signed. The law will become operative only if similar ones are adopted by states growing three-fourths of the cotton crop. That may be an unlikely prospect but it is not an impossible one. The cotton states are desperate and, too, they have much to gain from the Long plan. A carryover from last year of 9,000,000 bales, a current crop of 15,000,000 bales and a probable domestic consumption this year of but 13,000,000 bales show that, without some action, cotton prices will tend to fall rather than rise. With three-fourths of the 1932 production barred and a carryover from 1932 thereby eliminated, prices would rise, just as they fell when the carryover from 1931 became imminent.

This is not saying that everybody would be happy. The cotton grower with sufficient credit to hold onto his cotton for a while would profit considerably. It would be another story for those who had to sell their cotton before the rise came. They would have neither money this year nor a money crop next year. On top of this would be repercussions in other commodities. The millions of

*OFFERS A PLAN*
*Governor Huey P. Long of Louisiana*

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farmers barred from planting cotton would plant other crops—tobacco, corn, wheat and so on—which would intensify existing overproduction in those lines. In general the Long plan offers limited aid to the cotton section of the South at the expense of the West and the non-cotton sections of the South itself—not to speak of the United States as a whole.

## ▸▸*The DO-X—1930-1931*

OH AND AH at the DO-X as they will, most Americans will not realize what this world's largest flying boat has done. Only last May we hazarded the prediction that the DO-X would capture the record for the slowest airplane crossing of the Atlantic. Now she has done it, but she has done something more.

The DO-X, as you may remember, took off for New York from Altenrhein, Switzerland, last November 5. In her own fashion, aided of course by a few mishaps, she killed a few months on her way to Lisbon, a few more getting to the western coast of Africa and a few more still on to Brazil and New York, which was reached by August 27. The job was so well done, the record so completely out of the aeronautical class, that to match it one must look beyond our early steamboats, beyond the clipper ships of the 1850's, beyond the days of Raleigh and Queen Bess. Even the first voyage of Columbus—Spain to America in 69 days—pales before that of the DO-X. The flying boat took 9 months 3 weeks and 1 day to fly from Altenrhein to New York while Columbus sailed from Palos to America, dawdled around in the West Indies, established a fort, started back eastward and dropped anchor at Palos in 7 months 1 week and 5 days. The New York *Times* may predict that ships like the DO-X will soon swarm over the Great Lakes and aviation fans may make much of her conveyance of 70 persons from Norfolk to New York, the last leg of her 12,000-mile jaunt. But to us the DO-X stands and will stand as the ship which put Columbus to shame.

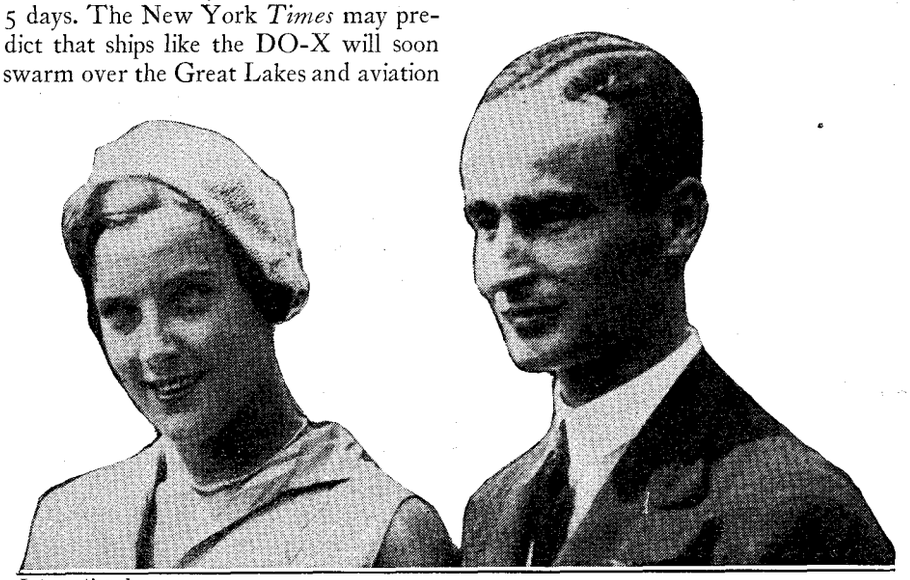
## ▸▸*To Be Continued*

THE THIRD DEGREE will continue to be administered in American police stations. True, the Wickersham commission recently reported that, despite the denials of police officials, the practice of beating up prisoners is common in most of the states of the Union—as it is. And true, the commission added that the practice jeopardizes the innocent, brutalizes both police and the prisoner, lowers respect for the administration of justice, discourages the search for objective evidence and violates American traditions—as it does. Nevertheless, we suspect that the practice will be continued. What makes us suspect it is this—

Of late there have been charges that prisoners, unmarked when arrested by the police of Washington, looked badly battered after submitting to "questioning" in the station house. So the three commissioners who run the District of Columbia asked the Federal Department of Justice to make an investigation and the Department acceded. This brought a letter to the Department from President Hoover. A most discouraging letter indeed.

Mr. Hoover coolly approved of the Department's decision to investigate police brutality in Washington; he argued that the honest men on the force should be protected by determining whether there are unworthy men in their midst. "It is always possible," he said, "that occasional individuals may have overstepped the law and humanity in treatment of criminals and those charged with crime, and, if so, they should be severely punished. But," he hastily added, "even in such charges, the police should not be judged on the allegations of criminals themselves or those accused of crime. There is too much tendency on the part of some people to forget the devoted work of the police, to forget the safety of society and the victims of criminals out of sympathy with criminals themselves."

And that is literally all he said. That is as indignant as he got over the Third Degree. With this unspeakable variety of lawlessness in law enforcement said to thrive right under his nose, Mr. Hoover, instead of denouncing it, chose to make the points that some people slobber over criminals and that the boys with the billies mustn't be judged too harshly. If the country's chief law enforcement officer condemns the Third Degree no more warmly than this, how can any one expect to see it abolished?



International

*TARDY ARRIVALS*

*Chief Pilot Rudolph Cramer von Clausbruck of the DO-X and his wife, Dorit*

## ▸▸*Gandhi Goes to London*

SO GANDHI, who recently decided not to attend the London round-table conference, recants and is now aboard the liner Rajputana, bound for London. As the ship put to sea the Mahatma looked up and said: "Success or failure is for God to determine." It was a typical Gandhi expression. Aboard and ashore Gandhi will probably say it again and again, impressing those who are inclined to be impressed by the mystical. But it actually means nothing at all; the success or failure of the conference's attempts to devise a government for India does not lie with God, whether of the Eastern or Western civilization. Complex as the problem is, it is much simpler than that.

Success or failure lies in the acceptance or the rejection by Gandhi of the general position outlined by Britain at last year's conference. At the time Britain showed how far she would go toward meeting demands for an independent India. She is willing—the three British parties agreed on that—to start India on the road toward autonomy but she is determined that, while India advances, British hands shall control the essential powers—finance and defense. Britain may not be putting all her cards on the table but she is not bluffing when she announces that as her limit. Gandhi may take it or leave it but he can't change it. This is his test. If he rejects the British

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position he may as well have never boarded the Rajputana. If he accepts it he may find difficulties in persuading his followers to follow him. But that is no impossible task if Gandhi is the leader he's cracked up to be.

## ▶▶Tip to Debtors

IN OTHER SUMMERS, when flagpole sitting, tree sitting and the like were in flower, we condemned them. We thought that sitting precariously above the ground, whether to set a record, win a prize or simply kill time, was inane. Now we eat our words. Flagpole sitting has its advantages.

The last we heard, Shipwreck Kelly, champion sitter of them all—record aloft, forty-three days—was roosting safely on top of a seventy-five-foot flagpole in New Jersey. At the foot of the pole, baffled, was Constable Frank Niblet, waiting to serve an execution of judgment for $75 on Kelly as soon as he came down.

There is a hard winter ahead and flagpole sitting doesn't seem as though it would be very difficult to learn. Kelly, the professional, set the record at forty-three days under no provocation at all. The amateur citizen should be able to do at least as well with the provocation of voracious creditors. At any rate, fellow debtors, think it over.

## ▶▶Stay Out—Stay In

IN FORMING the Federation of American Business Men to force the government out of competition with private enterprise, certain Chicago businessmen may think that they are original. They are not. They swear that governmental agencies, using taxpayers' money to compete with taxpayers' business, are "completely in conflict with the fundamental principles of our government system." They promise to fight this competition at the polls, and they hope to end it in the Congressional elections. But their oaths, promises and hopes have been heard before, most frequently from the American businessman himself.

Concerning government interference in business, this man usually belongs to one of two schools. There is, first, the American who proposes to keep the government out of his own business while keeping it in the other fellow's. He is typified by the public utilities man who wants the government to hold down freight rates and at the same time give him free play with electric, gas and water rates. This man, however, is hardly more brazen than the man in the second school who fights for government interference when helpful to himself, against it when harmful. The manufacturer is often a devout member of this school. He hires lobbyists to see that the government places a high tariff on his own goods but squawks into the night when the government attempts to do as much for the farmer. Costly tariffs and costly farm boards might seem to be the same in principle, but to the interested party there is a whale of a difference—the one brings larger dividends, the other higher income taxes. With this distinction in mind, it is easy to understand the jibes at government in business.

## ▶▶Infantile Paralysis

THE INFANTILE PARALYSIS EPIDEMIC seems to be on the way out. Statistics show that the 1931 epidemic has followed the general course of that of 1916, the former reaching its peak in New York, for instance, on August 5, the latter on August 3. In the nation, as in New York, the current epidemic has been far less severe than that of 1916 but it has been severe enough to produce a summer of horrors for thousands of families and to raise questions concerning the future. Will there be other epidemics? Probably, almost certainly, so. Will they prove increasingly severe? Probably not, if one is to take the word of such an authority as Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

Writing for the New York *Times*, Dr. Flexner shows how it is all bound up with the nature of the disease, of microbic origin, communicated from person to person by personal contact and the transfer of secretions of the nose and throat of the sick to the well. An attack of infantile, Dr. Flexner says, is protective for life, irrespective of the intensity of the attack. In fact, "many normal adults develop immunity to infantile paralysis as a result of exposure

# Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 64

The worst is over. All we need is patience, hard work and common-sense in business and government to see us safely through to another great period of prosperity.—ROGER W. BABSON.

*Henry Chas. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $5 prize.*

Fundamentally, the solution of the world crisis boils down to the question of getting the unemployed to work again.—EDWARD A. FILENE.

*Frank Gazzale, 306 Bloomfield St., Hoboken, N. J., $2 prize.*

You owe whatever degree of prosperity you may have in these times of depression to the Republican party.—ERNEST LEE JAHNKE.

*Nev Campbell, Wentworth Hotel, 141 No. Flower Street, Los Angeles, Calif., $2 prize*

The independent farmer . . . . has the best chance among all classes of Americans to call his soul his own.—STUART CHASE.

*Elizabeth S. Conger, M. D., 300 K. P. Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind., $2 prize.*

You know I don't care for money except what I can get for it.—MAJOR HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

*Victor G. Lundeen, Fergus Falls, Minnesota, $2 prize.*

Please don't ask me anything about prohibition. I am just a private citizen now and my opinions aren't worth anything.—MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT.

*Elois Felicia Elden, 1405 Grant Street, Berkeley, Calif., $2 prize.*

The [Wickersham] prohibition report drew brickbats from both sides, which convinced us of its fairness.—JUDGE KENNETH MACINTOSH.

*Guy S. Williams, 4907 Webster Street, Omaha, Neb., $2 prize.*

Next year, every man with a family who is employed at the plant, will be required to have a garden of sufficient size to supply his family with at least part of its winter's vegetables, or he will find himself out of a job.—HENRY FORD.

*Ralph W. Jones, 5653 Willows Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., $2 prize.*

In this country we own fifty-two per cent of the wealth of the world, and we can go out and tell these other people to stand off or else we'll pound hell out of them.—MAJOR GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER.

*E. H. Frost, Pippin Hill, Route 5, Hendersonville, N. C., $2 prize.*

Certainly I am very far from perfect.—RUDY VALLEE.

*Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 E. 1st North Street, Provo, Utah, $2 prize.*

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to the virus under circumstances not leading to obvious disease." Thus, it would appear, the epidemics, while leaving a tragic toll, produce widespread immunity by no means confined to, say, the 2,000 cases of 1931 or the 7,000 cases of 1916. "There are strong reasons for believing," Dr. Flexner maintains, "that a gradual immunization of the population of the United States is taking place as the result of the epidemics of infantile paralysis which have prevailed in different parts of the country since the large Swedish-Norwegian outbreak in 1905." Harsh as the fact may seem, it is simply that this country is now gaining the immunity comferred by past decades upon many a European population.

## ▶▶*Coin Harvey Again*

AND NOW they have nominated William Hope Harvey, who ran the non-existent "Coin's Financial School" back in the 90's, for President of the United States. He did not wish the honor when the Liberty Party, in session at his home, Monte Ne, Arkansas, first announced its probable action. The nomination was forced upon him—on a platform calling for monetary revision, public ownership of utilities and a five-year moratorium on all private debts. To date, however, Coin Harvey has not declined.

Presumably, in the months to come, innumerable amused journalists will offer humorous accounts of the Liberty Party and its nominee. But Coin Harvey was not funny in 1894; he was dangerous. William Jennings Bryan was not funny either, as he experimented with Nebraska audiences to evolve a phrase which stampeded a national convention two years later and made him the Presidential nominee of an aroused Democracy. Coin with his pamphlets and Bryan with his golden voice were forces then. The one is now over eighty years old and the other is dead. Harvey is a joke and Bryan is remembered, most unfairly, because of the absurd Dayton anti-evolution trial. But in 1896 they were dangerous to the public safety and respectable men sent their dollars, their sound and valuable dollars based on gold, to Mark Hanna and demanded their defeat.

The past does not return. Suppose Coin, once again, were to write a pamphlet in which he portrayed himself as teaching novel theories to the nation's financiers. Suppose, again, he were to include crude drawings of this fictitious school and print the pictures of Andrew Mellon, Ogden Mills, Albert Wiggin, J. P. Morgan and perhaps young Parker Gilbert seated at desks in front of their mentor. This time there would not, as in 1894, be hot denials from the financiers that they had attended such a school. No one would dream for an instant that they had. The past does not return, nor the innocence of unsophistication. "Applesauce" would be the retort of the man-in-the-street. "Nerts" would be the reply of the girl-bound-for-her-office and reading the tabloids. Today we are sophisticated, although very recently we believed prosperity was guaranteed by the Republican party.

Keystone

*IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED*
*"Coin" Harvey (center), nominated by Liberty Party for President*

## ▶▶*Ideal Life Guard*

TWO CONTESTANTS were tied for the title of Ideal Life-Guard at a New York bathing beach recently. Each had the same number of points for swimming ability, dexterity in making rescues and ability at resuscitation. Hence the prize was finally awarded to the one with the greatest facial appeal.

Now life-guards should, indeed, be able swimmers, with a knack for rescues and resuscitation. And it's probably all right for them to be handsome, though on the other hand there's such a thing as their being too handsome altogether. So, under the circumstances, the standards used at the New York beach were doubtless quite defensible.

But a far more important standard was quite overlooked—tact. Life-guards should have unfailing and exquisite tact. For example, they must be far too tactful to plunge into breath-taking breakers and trudgeon out to the horizon while poor bandy-legged Papa, keeping one foot on bottom, is laboring to impress the wife and kids with his newly acquired breast-stroke.

They must not show their muscular and mahogany limbs too near the new arrivals, making them feel, by contrast, as pale and sickly as the under side of a fish. They must be oblivious to the shapely wives of spindly or portly laymen but must contrive to admire less shapely wives very much. In short, if they want to be ideal life-guards they must stop doing the things they do now and start doing the things they don't. The genuinely ideal life-guard is one who doesn't make the rest of us feel uncomfortable.

## ▶▶*In Brief*

WHAT A KNACK for gentle dissent that Baltimore lady has who says that, in issuing a booklet which compares the greatness of Herbert Hoover with the greatness of George Washington, the General Federation of Women's Clubs has "overstepped the mark!" . . . . The revolt in Portugal on August 26 was the twenty-third in the last twenty-one years, and so, according to the law of averages, there won't be another one for 333 days . . . . "Mulrooney Orders Harder Crime Fight By Police Officials —Says Shooting of Bystanders Must Be Avoided"—New York *Times* headline, August 29. "Gunmen Wound Girl As Shots From Auto Fly in Street Crowd," New York *Times* headline, August 31. Better repeat the order, Mr. Commissioner.

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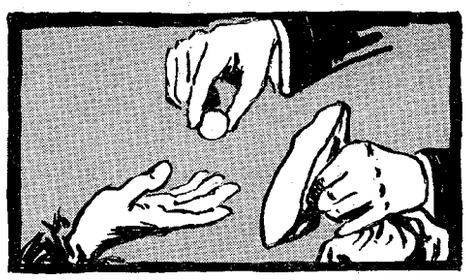
# Action Versus Exhortation

COMING after the welter of statements, appointments and rhetoric which have so far surrounded Mr. Hoover's handling of the problem of this winter's unemployed, the simple, decisive action by Governor Roosevelt in his own State of New York is a great relief. The depression is common knowledge, Mr. Roosevelt told his legislature last Saturday. The time for platitudes is past. Study of the situation has convinced his agents and himself that there will be twice as many people in want next winter as there were last. It is the duty of the State to look after its citizens when any emergency arises which is likely to transcend the ability of private agencies to cope with it. Wherefore he has introduced six bills, drawn by his own counsel, for the legislature's consideration in special session, so that New York State may help its citizens look after their own during the hard winter nearly upon us.



THE BILLS are simple. They provide for an emergency relief committee of three, appointed by the Governor himself, to head all the State's relief work; to appoint local committees of three wherever necessary; to supervise the expenditure of $20,000,000 of the State's money on public work for the employment of residents of this state; where this is not possible to give the necessary food, clothing, shelter and warmth to those for whom useful public work cannot be found. The restrictions placed upon the use of the money are simple. Under no circumstances shall any money be paid in the form of a dole. Relief shall be restricted to persons who have lived in New York State for at least two years. No employment relief shall be undertaken except in accordance with the rules of the temporary emergency relief administration. To raise the money necessary, the Governor points to the income tax as a fairer method than the already heavy real estate taxes. Estimating the cost at twenty million, he apportions the cost over the State's 300,000 personal income tax payers, beginning at one dollar for the family man with a five thousand dollar income. Lastly, he asks the legislature to authorize the cities and counties of the State to borrow money for public work, at the same time making the five day week a part of the contract thus made. And above all, he asks the legislature to do all these things now, before the winter is half over, before men already shiver and starve in the streets.

THIS IS the kind of action the OUTLOOK understands. Says the Governor, clarifying his political philosophy:

> Our government is not the master but the creature of the people. The duty of the State toward the citizens is the duty of the servant to its master. The people have created it; the people, by common consent, permit its continued existence. One of these duties of the State is that of caring for those of its citizens who find themselves the victims of such adverse circumstance as makes them unable to obtain even the necessities for mere existence without the aid of others. That responsibility is recognized by every civilized nation.
>
> It is true that times may get better; it is true that the Federal Government may take action to eradicate some of the basic causes of our present troubles; it is true that the Federal Government may come forward with a definite construction program on a truly large scale; it is true that the Federal Government may adopt a well-thought-out concrete policy which will start the wheels of industry moving and give to the farmer at least the cost of making his crop.
>
> The State of New York cannot wait for that. I face and you face and 13,000,000 people face the problem of providing immediate relief.

A COMPARISON with Mr. Hoover, of course, is inevitable. Says Mr. Walter Gifford, head of the Administration's new organization, in response to questions as to how far he will go: "If a community fails or finds itself unable to raise adequate funds, I think that it is a job for the county and after the county for the state, and if the state fails, we will cross the bridge when we come to it." Meanwhile, he points out, his organization is primarily an organization to assist by counsel in building up adequate relief for distress over the winter by coöperation with all agencies. Its first activity will be to engineer a nation-wide drive for maximum local funds in the hope that such concerted action by different sections will stimulate laggard local communities into action. In brief, relief by exhortation, instead of actual assistance. Mr. Hoover sticks stubbornly to his effort to protect the Federal Treasury.

THERE ARE thus presented two opposed methods of dealing by government with an emergency. Both men agree on the hated and feared "dole." Obviously, too, both men agree on the emergency, albeit one does so frankly and vigorously, the other tardily and unwillingly. The vital difference is that one man seizes time by the forelock. The other would wait and hope and see. Mr. Roosevelt as a state official could as easily have passed the buck with exhortations to local communities as Mr. Hoover does as a Federal official. Mr. Roosevelt prefers not to do so. He prefers to formulate his own bills, to present them vigorously to his legislature and run the risk of making friends or enemies because of his plain proposal as to how to raise the necessary money. Mr. Hoover, on the other hand, prefers to antagonize no one, to fight for no measures in Congress, to borrow money by bond issues rather than resort to plain, direct taxation, and meanwhile to hope that things will not come to such a pass that he will be forced to act.

FRANKLY, to our mind, one method is genuine leadership. The other is the appearance of leadership—the form without the spirit. We prefer Mr. Roosevelt's method. We can imagine no more genuine aid to Mr. Gifford in the tremendous task he has so well begun of arousing public sentiment for the job ahead, than a series of such actions by the various State governments. Well done, Mr. Roosevelt!

The Editors

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# Backstage in Washington

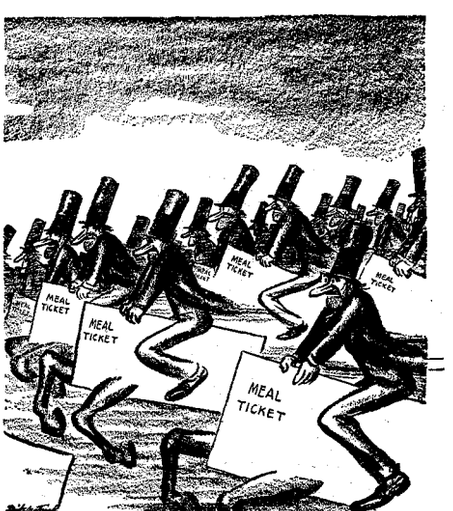
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE IMAGINE that the Right Rev. James Cannon Jr., Bishop of the Bucketshops, has come to the end of his religious run. Nor do we refer so much to the heartening fact that the Nye Committee has shown courage and skill in uncovering his handling of 1928 political contributions through eight devious bank accounts. The good Bishop may be able to explain the necessity for such shifts and sleight-of-hand financial transfers, at least to the satisfaction of his prohibitionist parishioners. The revelations before the committee, "shocking and disgraceful" as the senatorial investigators believe them to be, may not hurt him with his earthly flock, or destroy his prestige among the politically pure of heart below the Mason and Dixon line. There will always be some to agree with his contention that he is being persecuted and martyrized for his labors in the vineyards of the Lord.

The committee's investigators, however, tell a different story. We understand that they found an altogether different spirit among substantial southerners while they were tracing Mr. Cannon's deposits and withdrawals, from that which existed during the bitter days of 1928. Everywhere they went, we hear, they came upon deep resentment against the swashbuckling Bishop, the cause he represented—whatever that was—and the forces which he marshaled against Al Smith. The solid men of the community, including bankers, business men, some churchmen, educators and even politicians, expressed the hope that the committee would be able to destroy Mr. Cannon's influence in the South. In almost every instance, the committee's agents report, the former friends and allies of the clerical gentleman were more than willing to furnish whatever evidence was wanted of them.

The South is not so "solid" as the Bishop thinks; its eyes are open now. For one thing, it no longer associates prohibition and prohibition leaders with all that is high and holy, or looks upon foes of "the experiment noble in motive" as satellites of Satan. This is a development far more significant, to our mind, than the effect which the committee's inquiry may have upon the individual fate and future career of the Bishop.

In fact, Mr. Cannon has now become a rather unimportant figure. The central issue, not only in the eyes of the committee but in those of the public, is to what extent the Republican Party originated the campaign of religious intolerance that marked the Hoover-Smith contest. In that connection, we hear that certain newspapers against which Mr. Cannon has brought suit for libel have long sought to prove that a Republican higher than any already mentioned supplied the inspiration and the funds for




Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

*ON TO THE MILLENNIUM!*

stirring up religious bigotry in 1928. Should these suspicions be confirmed by further inquiry on the part of the committee, we venture that the exposure will make the Teapot Dome scandal seem like a childish peccadillo not worth remembering. So high placed is the Republican chieftain in question that we would not hint at his name, even indirectly.

NEVERTHELESS, the evidence, when marshaled, frames a serious indictment against past and present leaders of the G. O. P. The roll call of those who placed Mr. Cannon in a position to obtain large funds for his politico-religious labors is, to say the least, impressive. Through them the trail runs straight to the inner councils of the party. Among those who took part in the holy mission of converting Democratic heathen were the late James W. Good, President Hoover's pre-convention manager, virtual head of the G. O. P. campaign and subsequently rewarded with the post of Secretary of War; Dr. Hubert Work, only Coolidge cabinet member to declare openly for Mr. Hoover, selected by the President as National Chairman and continued in office as Secretary of the Interior; Claudius H. Huston, Mr. Hoover's erstwhile Assistant Secretary of Commerce, manager of the campaign below the Mason and Dixon line, and later the President's personal choice for National Chairman; C. Bascom Slemp, former secretary to President Coolidge, Virginia National Committeeman, "original" Hoover man in Virginia and later rewarded by being made American representative at the French exposition, a post he still occupies; ex-Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, who hoped to the last to be made a member of the Hoover Cabinet.

IT WAS these men who induced E. C. Jameson, Mr. Frelinghuysen's insurance partner, to develop a sudden and surprising interest in the cause of prohibition—an interest so intense that he forwarded the sum of $65,300 to Bishop Cannon. We do not wonder that Mr. Jameson, who, we are informed, also hoped to be rewarded with a Cabinet appointment, sat pop-eyed as he listened while the tale of this intrigue was told to the Nye Committee. We doubt if the name of Mr. Jameson will ever again be found on the list of those who have contributed to a war chest of the Republican party.

If there is any doubt that prohibition walks side by side with prejudice, and never more so than in a campaign which permits appeal to religious bigotry, it is interesting to recall that, while these things were going on, Mabel Walker Willebrandt was calling on the political parsons to take to their pulpits in the Middle West; and that James Francis Burke, then and now counsel for the Republican National Committee, has been charged with editing her speeches so that they would be more indecent and inflammable. Mrs. Willebrandt, lest it be forgotten, is now the fair-haired lady in so far as Mr. Hoover has been able to extend a helping hand to the legal services she is at the present time rendering aviation and California grape concentrates.

There may be no moral in all this, except that prohibition and prejudice pay substantial dividends to political profiteers.

A. F. C.

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# ▸▸ Roosevelt the Favorite! ◂◂

## *For the Democratic Presidential Nomination as Revealed in Outlook's Poll of the Nation's Editors*

**Governor Roosevelt of New York has been indicated as the probable Democratic presidential nominee in all polls taken so far, including the Outlook's poll of outstanding newspaper editors, the results of which are recounted here. One striking fact brought out in the Outlook poll is that, while the outstanding editors believe Roosevelt will be the Democratic nominee, many of them are strongly inclined towards Newton D. Baker, who has made no campaign for the nomination. Friends of Governor Roosevelt declared last week that their reports indicated a first-ballot strength of 806, or 72 more than the two-thirds needed for nomination by the national convention.**

As AN important campaign approaches political leaders talk glibly about public opinion. Mysteriously, they are privy to the inner thoughts of the masses. They speak of "trends" which spell victory for the party candidate and doom for the opposition. But their predictions are about as accurate as the prognostications of prize-fight managers on the eve of a heavyweight championship. This is because the politician permits his yearnings to dominate his beliefs. He wanders in a fog of optimism.

The newspaper editor, however, is more realistic. Even when he is at the helm of a partisan journal, dedicated to the fortunes of one of the two major parties, he is in a position to learn with a degree of accuracy what people are thinking. He receives confidential reports from his reporters and political correspondents. The letters which pass across his desk from "Constant Reader," "Old Subscriber," "Vox Populi" and "E Pluribus Unum" afford a cross-section of current thought. In the columns of his paper, the editor may not, often does not, reveal the unbiased facts which are in his possession. Too often the policies of the owner make this impossible, and his editorials are tainted with the optimism of the organization or the clique which his paper supports. But the editor usually knows the facts. When the last editorial has been written and the last proof hung on its hook at the end of the day, he has an approximate idea of the truth.

For these reasons, the OUTLOOK has polled the editors of the United States regarding the outcome of the race for the Democratic presidential nomination. We did not query them on the Republican nomination for the reason that Mr. Hoover, however apprehensive the Republican leaders may be regarding his re-election, is certain to be chosen. The President, in control of the machine through the power of patronage, can dictate his renomination. Confining our inquiry to the Democratic side of the picture, we sent letters to a group of 142 key newspapers throughout the country; to at least two in each state. On the theory that editors of Democratic or independent newspapers would be most closely in touch with the party views in their communities, no Republican editors were invited to comment on the Democratic situation. In every case the editors were assured that their answers would be treated confidentially if they so specified. In many instances this was done. Others were definitely outspoken; for example, Walter M. Harrison of the *Daily Oklahoman* of Oklahoma City. Mr. Harrison said that he preferred the candidacy of Governor Roosevelt, but felt that Alfred E. Smith would probably be chosen. His answer, he added, was "prompted largely by fear that the Democratic Party with its historic ability to make a supreme ass of itself at the proper time will do so again in 1932."

*OUT IN FRONT*

*Governor Roosevelt is indicated as the probable Democratic presidential nominee, but the* OUTLOOK'S *survey disclosed widespread favor among newspaper editors for Newton D. Baker of Ohio*

He continues his report thus:

> I think that John J. Raskob still holds the first mortgage on the Democratic Party. I think his first and only love is Alfred E. Smith and that Raskob will do everything possible through the tremendous weight he will carry through the national convention in 1932 to stalemate the situation to thwart a two-thirds vote for Roosevelt by building up such animosities as will call for the nomination of a man whose name will not be before the convention on first roll-call. That man will be Alfred E. Smith.

Two questions were submitted to the editors. First: Whom do you wish to have the Democratic nomination in 1932? Second: Who, from your knowledge of conditions in your state and elsewhere, will get it? Before analyzing the 61 replies, it is necessary to explain the organization of the 1932 convention. The Democratic National Committee has not yet decided whether representation by states will be based on the apportionment act of 1910 or the new act of 1930. The latter is based on last year's census and will change the representations at the convention to a certain extent. Due to losses in population, certain states will have smaller delegations while others will have greater strength.

In general, the influence of the South is lessened by the new apportionment. It is too soon, perhaps, to judge the effect of southern losses; although it may at some future date play an important part in the struggle against the influence of the drys in the Democratic party. Similarly, any conclusion based on the increases in certain of the states would also be premature. The most startling gain is in the booming state of California, which will have 18 additional delegates; a jump from 26 to 44. Michigan gains eight. Other increases are: Connecticut two, Florida two, New Jersey, Ohio and New York four each and Washington two. If any significance can be attached to the changes, it is that the urban centers of population are stronger and the rural districts less influential. A decision as to whether the 1910 or the 1930 apportionments will be used next year will not be reached until the Democratic National Committee meets next January. At the convention in 1912, however, the first to gather after the apportionment act of 1910, the delegates were chosen

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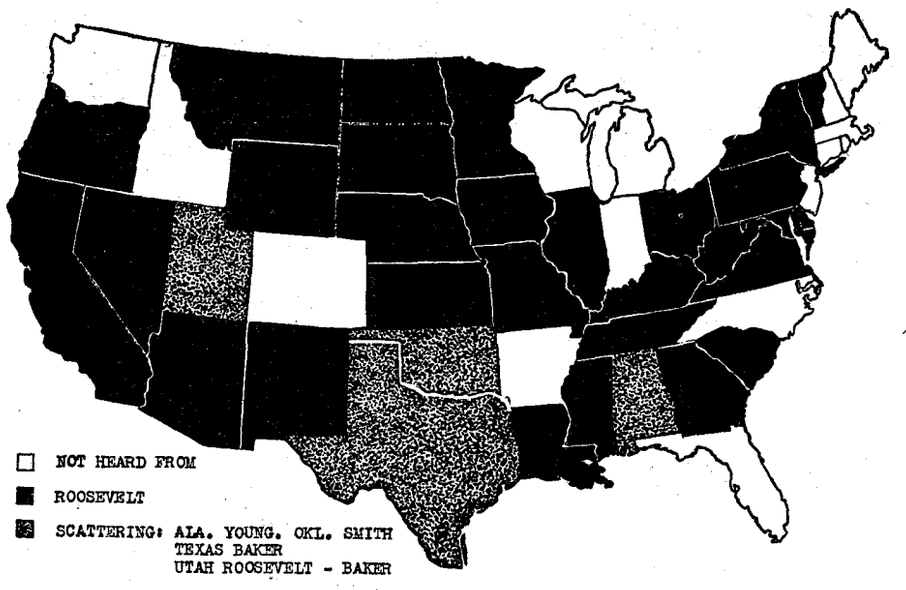


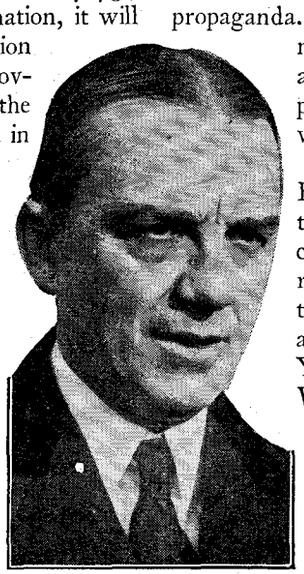

on the new census. For that reason, the OUTLOOK has made its estimate with the 1930 apportionment in mind.

Individual preferences, expressed in answer to the question—"Whom do you wish to have the nomination?"—vary widely. They reveal that Governor Roosevelt of New York has failed signally to convince the Democratic editors of the United States that he is the best qualified candidate for the nomination. But the answers to the second query—"Who do you think will get it?"—show that he is far and away in the lead. The convention is nine months off, and some unexpected development may change the result before it gathers, but Roosevelt's strength is impressive. He was declared the virtually inevitable nominee by editors in thirty states; from California to New York. In one state, Utah, he was tied with Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War during the Wilson Administration. Mr. Baker received a clear title to the delegation in Texas alone. Smith led in Oklahoma and Owen D. Young in Alabama.

If the convention were held within the next few weeks the result, based on the OUTLOOK's poll, would be the nomination of Roosevelt without serious opposition. Other candidates, of course, would have their headquarters at the convention city. There would be hopeful dark horses, waiting in their stables, but they would have no chance of winning the race. It would, in many ways, be a convention similar to the Republican sessions at Kansas City in 1928. The rival candidates would talk a great deal about "stopping Roosevelt," as they talked about stopping Hoover. They would make little or no progress toward that end. A total of 1,100 delegates will attend the convention and, under the Democratic rules, a majority of two-thirds is necessary for the nomination. The New York governor's strength is vividly demonstrated by translating the verdict of the editors into delegates pledged to his candidacy. The result is:

| | |
|---|---|
| Roosevelt | 688 |
| Other candidates | 68 |

This is on the returns from thirty-four states. It gives Roosevelt 88.6 per cent of the total vote. If his strength continued in the same proportion in the states not yet heard from, he would go into the convention with a total of 966 votes. When it is realized that only 734 votes are needed for nomination, it will be seen that any combination to halt the New York governor will be futile. Out of the 314 delegates not tabulated in the OUTLOOK poll, Governor Roosevelt needs but 46 votes in order to win. It is absurd to suppose that he could not pick up 46 delegates among 314. On the list, as will be seen from the map, are all the crucial states: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Tennessee and California. He is holding the Solid South, which has forgotten its wrath aroused by the Tammany-Wet-Catholic aspects of Al Smith's candidacy. His strength in the West is particularly impressive.



*DARK HORSE*

*Owen D. Young is third in the editors' preferences, Mr. Baker coming first and Governor Roosevelt second. He has made no campaign.*

Comparatively little real enthusiasm for Governor Roosevelt was shown by the Democratic editors, however. His nomination seemed assured, they wrote, and they indicated no desire to oppose the inevitable. "The favorite sons are fading away," pointed out J. L. Southwick, managing editor of the *Free Press* of Burlington, Vermont, "and you 'can't beat anybody with nobody'." One prominent New York editor, who requested anonymity, wrote:

> . . . . my present inclination is to favor Newton D. Baker as the most desirable man for the Democratic candidacy, and it is my present belief that Franklin D. Roosevelt, on the basis of any information available at this time, is the most likely to receive the nomination.

According to another confidential ballot from New York, Governor Roosevelt was a fifth choice with Baker, Young, Ritchie and Governor Ely preferred in the order named. "I think," this editor wrote, "that Roosevelt is the least capable of the five men I have named, although this does not mean at all that he is not a man of more than ordinary capabilities. He is a very poor financier and a little bit susceptible to those political moves which mean 'the main chance.' Baker or Young is absolutely free from either deficiency; and certainly both Ritchie and Ely are their own bosses."

"My own preference," answered Thomas R. Waring of the Charleston, South Carolina, *Post*, "is for Baker, but I am not sure he would be the strongest candidate. Roosevelt is well liked in the South, which would, I believe, accept him, despite his anti-prohibition views and the war that would be waged against him because of these by the prohibition propaganda. . . . The delegation to the national convention will be, at least formally, for a dry plank, but there will be some wets on it."

Several editors felt that Roosevelt's lead was due to the progress made by his campaign for the nomination rather than his inherent virtues. He would be the probable nominee, said Haydie Yates, editor of the Sheridan, Wyoming, *Press*, "not because of what he stands for but because so far he is the only one whose publicity has permeated the fastnesses of this Rocky Mountain district." William R. Matthews of the Tucson, Arizona, *Star* said that he favored Roosevelt although he was, also, a great admirer of Baker. He added:

> Arizona sentiment is solidly for Roosevelt. The political forces behind Roosevelt are powerful, and it now looks as if he will be nominated. I have taken pains to sound out sentiment in Arizona among prominent Democrats of all factions. The only senti-

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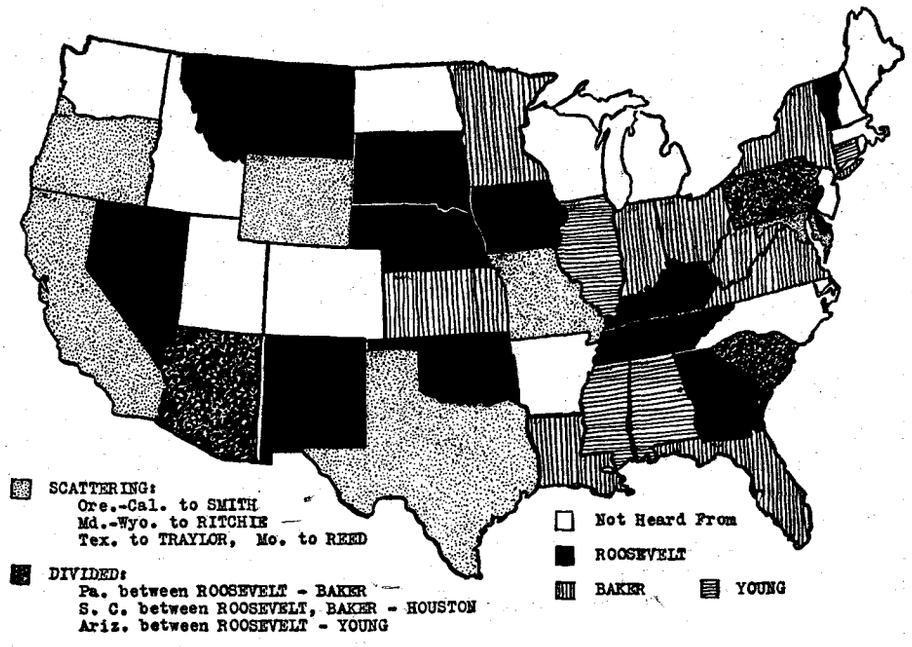
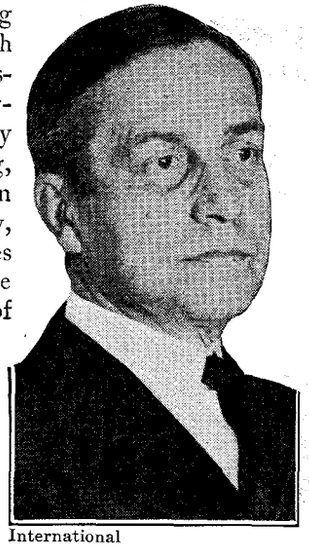
ment I can find is Roosevelt. For once they are all agreed, and like the weather in California, that is unusual.

TRANSLATED into preferences, as distinct from opinions on probabilities, the poll shows a far different result. It brings forward Newton D. Baker as the choice of the Democratic editors for President of the United States. From the thirty-four states represented in the poll, according to these preferences, a total of 325 1-3 delegates would be instructed to vote for Baker. Roosevelt comes second with 210 1-3 votes out of the 1100. Owen D. Young is third with 117 and Smith fourth with 54. The balance is divided as follows: Melvin Traylor of Chicago, 46; former Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, 30; Governor Ritchie of Maryland, 22; David F. Houston, 5 1-3. When it is considered that Mr. Baker has made no campaign, that he has sought no delegations, that his only speech of a public nature in recent months has been the address before the Williamstown Institute of Politics, his strength is surprising. It indicates, perhaps, that the old animosities against Woodrow Wilson and internationalism are being forgotten. It may show a ground swell in favor of participation by the United States in world affairs. Mr. Baker's popularity was particularly strong in the East. The second map, indicating the preference of the editors, shows him winning in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, Kansas, Virginia, Florida and Louisiana, tying in Pennsylvania and South Carolina. West of the Mississippi, his weakness is apparent; he was chosen in only two of the states reporting, whereas Roosevelt won in eight. To put it another way, only two of the eleven states for Baker were west of the Mississippi, whereas eight of the fifteen in which Roosevelt was the personal choice of the editors were in the West. Mr. Young was favored in Mississippi, Alabama, Illinois and Connecticut. The other votes were scattered.



International

*FAVORED BY EDITORS*
*Newton D. Baker of Ohio, who has made no campaign but is the choice of Democratic editors.*

HOW significant are these personal preferences of the Democratic editors? Does Baker's unsuspected strength indicate that he is a possible winner should Smith attempt to seize the nomination from Roosevelt and cause a deadlock which will last for a dozen ballots? It is impossible to say. If the editors who favor Baker were ready to wage a campaign in his behalf he might, within the next few months, become a leading candidate. Nothing in the letters which accompanied the ballots indicated, however, that such a campaign would be started. Indeed, the number of pro-Baker editors who asked that their opinions be treated as confidential would indicate that they will accept Roosevelt without protest although believing the New York governor far less able. And yet it may be true that Roosevelt will not be the nominee unless his strength in the convention is great enough to insure 734 votes before ten ballots have been taken. It is an open secret that the supporters of Al Smith have no love for Roosevelt. It is conceivable that they will be able to withhold one-third of the delegates and will, in the end, throw their delegations to Baker, Young or Ritchie. Perhaps they will choose, instead of any of those named, some complete nonentity. This much, at least, is indicated as a result of Baker's strength. His actions will bear watching during the next few months. The poll shows that he must be given a place among the more important possibilities for the 1932 nomination.

Quite naturally, in as much as the inquiries were addressed to Democratic and not Republican editors, the answers reveal a belief that 1932 will be a Democratic year. In the East, and to a lesser extent in the West, prohibition will rival the depression as an issue. The South will attempt, on the whole, to minimize it and will be flatly opposed to the nomination of Smith. "This is a Smith state, wet and rebellious," reported the editor of a Connecticut daily. Howard Kahn of the St. Paul, Minnesota, *News* reported an apparent swing to Roosevelt in his state and an attitude "far from friendly" toward the Hoover Administration. This was "largely due to the depression," Mr. Kahn felt, but "there is the added fact that our citizens believe they have been discriminated against." President Hoover's failure to push waterways, the post office department scandals; "all these things, fairly or otherwise, have built up a tremendous demand for a change . . . . I believe it will be reflected in the next presidential election." John H. Kelly, editor of the Sioux City, Iowa, *Tribune* agreed with the belief that a change was in the air:

> We feel that when men need food and when the main problem is economic (hard, cold facts of living), the liquor question should not enter into the 1932 campaign. It is well to recognize the evils as well as the good of prohibition, but it will be a mistake for the Democrats to nominate an outright wet candidate or one to whom the so-called stigma may be attached.
>
> At this time it looks very much as though there would be a revolution by ballot in the agrarian states, where the tariff, drought, grasshoppers and inequalities in freight rates structure have combined to distress people into an actual state of thinking and analysis.

If the poll reveals anything regarding prohibition, it is that this issue will be less bitterly fought from both the wet and dry viewpoints. The South may regret extreme wetness on the part of the Democratic nominee, but it will

*(Please Turn to Page 61)*

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# Brood of Folly

By MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

ONE day last winter a prosperous young printer in an Eastern village saw in his newspaper the picture of a six-months-old illegitimate baby whose mother was in jail in a nearby city on the charge of having abandoned the little girl in a hallway. The mother was only twenty-one, out of work, and had found the burden of unmarried motherhood too much to bear.

"Look!" said the young man to his mother, a school trustee of the village and a prominent clubwoman, "That's a fine baby. Imagine anyone deserting a baby like that."

Then it suddenly struck him that he knew the baby's mother, that she was a girl he had met at a party the month before. He and his mother talked the situation over, and the result of their conversation was that the young man visited the girl in her cell, proposed marriage to her, with adoption of the baby, and was accepted. The next day when the girl was arraigned, she was paroled into the young printer's custody, and he took her home to his mother, who welcomed her as a daughter. A few days later they were married, and the little girl, who will probably never know that her mother's husband is her stepfather and not her father, was legally adopted. Nobody mentioned the baby's real father, and nobody seems interested in his identity or whereabouts.

*"There are no illegitimate children—only illegitimate parents."*

If the population of this country were exclusively or largely made up of persons like the printer and his mother, one might well believe that our social attitude toward illegitimacy had been profoundly changed during the past generation or two. Certainly it is changing, for thirty years or so ago it is doubtful whether, outside of bohemian circles in large cities, any American mother of a grown son could conceivably have welcomed to her home and heart a daughter-in-law already provided with a baby and never before provided with a husband.

But an unprejudiced survey of the inhabitants of our Zeniths and Gopher Prairies shows that a considerable residue remains of the traditional distrust and persecution of a woman rash or unfortunate enough to be facing life as an unwed mother. Dr. Ben Reitman, whose experience has been gained in metropolitan cities and chiefly on the outcast fringe of society, is premature in claiming that women "have learned that a girl is not 'untouchable' if she has had a child without the sanction of the church and the state." In the majority of American towns and social circles, she is still, if not "untouchable," at least untouched by the respectable, and fair prey for the adventurous.

We may be approaching, but we have by no means reached, the advanced position of other modern and ancient nations toward illegitimacy. In Egypt during the Old Empire, Briffault tells us in "The Mothers," there were no illegitimate children—"as a consequence of the matrilineal rule of descent . . . . a child born out of wedlock enjoyed the same civil rights as one born in marriage." This was true also of the Lycians, an Hellenic people of Asia Minor. "As in Egypt, birth out of wedlock did not constitute illegitimacy and entailed no civil disability." The matrilineal system was again the cause.

But even in nations of today, not matrilineal in social system, illegitimacy may be regarded much more leniently than it is in America or Great Britain. In Soviet Russia, as is well known, it makes no difference to the child whether its parents were married. Russia, however, being a special instance in this as in every other respect, we may learn from Denmark, Norway and Sweden more of our own probable viewpoint in the not too distant future. A few years ago it was estimated that every fourth child in Copenhagen was illegitimate, with the rate for all Denmark not far behind; every seventh child in Sweden, and every thirteenth child in Norway. These were not the products of slums and poverty; illegitimacy in the Scandinavian countries is largely a matter of the middle and upper classes. Partly this is due to the customary postponement of marriage until the establishment of a sound financial position; partly to the difficulty of divorce until recent years; but partly also to the growth of the surely civilized feeling that marriage or non-marriage is a private affair of the two persons concerned, and that if a woman thinks—as an American unmarried mother said to me twenty years ago—"it's so nice to have a baby without the nuisance of a husband," that, too, is her own business.

Her own business, that is, so long as she does not mind saddling the child with what is still a heavy social stigma, and so long also as the baby's livelihood is provided for, without the contingency of a miraculous village printer to come to the rescue. In all the Scandinavian countries, as in Russia with the "alimenta" system, there are generous and strictly enforced laws covering the support of illegitimate children. The father is as responsible for his spurious as for his legal offspring, and the child is entitled to bear the father's name.

If, as some prevalent conditions seem to indicate, we are beginning to approach both the high rate of illegitimacy existing in Scandinavia, and the tolerant social acceptance of this phenomenon also characteristic of these countries, we also shall have to pass and enforce such laws as these. Illegitimate children are by no means so well protected by law in a good many of our states today, and they are frequently discriminated against in statutes relating to the support or legal rights of children. The lack of such laws has led to the very inadequate relief of foundling hospitals, most of the inmates of which are illegitimate children whose mothers could not and whose fathers did not have to support them.

LIONEL BRITTON, in his "Love and Hunger," says bitterly of the London Foundling Hospital: "Half-way down Guilford Street is the Foundling Hospital. That is for the love-children. Thrown away because they were too expensive to keep, or because they were not proper, or because they came through lack of knowledge and were inconvenient. The bourgeoisie, whose social organization had made it impossible for the child and the mother to be together, built the stone walls and took it in. Do for cannon-fodder."

The principal reason, maternal devotion being what it is, was usually that the babies "were too expensive to keep"—both too expensive to support, and too expensive by jeopardizing by their presence the mother's means of livelihood. Mrs. Charles A. Hawkins, president of

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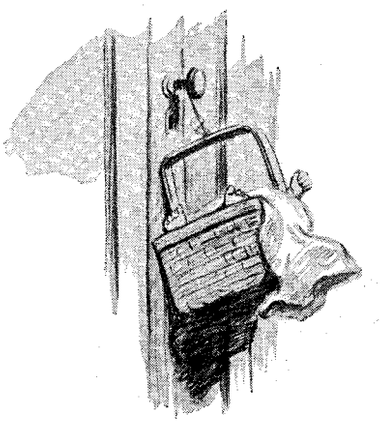
the San Francisco Babies' Aid, reminiscing about the foundation of that institution in 1862, tells how "a laundry basket suspended from a doorknob was society's only solution for the foundling baby in the days when the social code condemned the unmarried mother to hopeless ostracism. . . The Foundling Asylum was always overcrowded and consequently the death-rate was very high."



*"A laundry basket suspended from a doorknob was society's only solution for a foundling baby in the days when the social code condemned the unmarried mother to social ostracism."*

It is always very high in such cases. And, as I have said, babies are still being virtually condemned to death in many states today by the lack of laws governing the support of all children, whatever their birth. Even when the mother finds herself, later on, able to care for her child, she has often been forced by earlier circumstances to lose it forever. The 1931 California legislature defeated a bill, backed by the State Department of Social Welfare, which would have permitted an unmarried mother, on proof of ability to support the child, to reclaim a baby adopted during the mother's minority. Minors, as one assemblyman remarked, are not held to their contracts thus strictly in any other province. Even in Minnesota, most prevalently Scandinavian of the states in population, a bill was introduced into the last legislature which provided for a state bonus of $100 for every child born—in lawful wedlock. No illegitimate babies need apply, however well equipped they may be, physically and mentally, to contribute to the prosperity and glory of Minnesota—and though a neighboring state once had a famous governor who was a foundling, and therefore probably illegitimate. People are less intolerant in the lands from which so many Minnesotans come.

Also (despite the failure of the forementioned Jones Bill), in the state to which many Minnesotans go! Recently, in Los Angeles, Judge Leon R. Yankwich, confronted by an unmarried mother who asked nothing of the court except that her six-months-old child be declared legitimate, immediately granted the request, quoting meanwhile that very sensible saying: "There are no illegitimate children. There are only illegitimate parents."

There is, of course, necessity for prudence in passing laws providing for paternal support of illegitimate children. Even in Russia it is doubtless not unknown for a girl to apply for "alimenta," not from the real father of her child, but from some other man who cannot disprove paternity, and whom she does not like so well or who is better able to care for the infant. Even under our own present laws, unscrupulous women occasionally take advantage of such a situation. In a recent California case, a woman sued a county supervisor for support of her two-year-old daughter, and dragged the case through two courts before the man could prove that he had been out of the state during the period when he might have become the father of the child. Then the mother confessed that a poor man whom she loved was the real father, and that she had simply been attempting to "shake down" the wealthy middleaged supervisor. Such cases, however, are rare, and it should be easy to guard against them in framing the relevant statutes.

So far, of course, such excessive rates of illegitimacy as those cited from the Scandinavian countries obtain hardly anywhere in the United States. Our highest rate is in South Carolina, 84 per 1,000—which, to be sure, means one out of every twelve of the population, white and black—but this grades down perceptibly till we get to Wyoming, where only one person out of every 143 is illegitimate. It is interesting, however, to remark that South Carolina, where our highest illegitimacy rates prevail, also is the only state absolutely without provision for divorce.

*"That fanatical persecution-mania which branded Hester Prynne with the scarlet 'A,' still flares up occasionally from its embers."*

The more we study illegitimacy statistics, the more difficult it becomes to account for their vagaries on any grounds whatever—race, religion, social class, education, or anything else. Illegitimacy rises during wars, of course; it is claimed that the American soldiers in the Philippines at the beginning of this century left about 200,000 half-Filipino children behind them when they returned to the United States. But it is also high, as we have seen, in countries like the Scandinavian nations, which have not been harassed by war for many years. It is high in countries where there is a large amount of illiteracy, but it is also high in other countries where illiteracy is rare. Ireland has often been cited, with its low rate, as an example of the chastening effect of Roman Catholicism, but social statistics show how little the prevalent religion of a nation determines its rate of illegitimacy.

Any prophecies as to the growth or decline of illegitimacy in this or any other nation must be taken with several grains of salt, since there are no sure foundations on which such speculations may be founded. Nevertheless, a close attention to newspaper records, common conversation, and other such indicia of the trend of majority opinion shows very plainly that the American attitude toward both the unmarried mother and her "fatherless" child has changed appreciably from the days when death in a snowdrift was their kindest fate. Already there is an archaic ring, reminiscent of "Hazel Kirk" and "East Lynne," in such exclamations as that of the hero of Sarah Salt's "Strange Combat": "Sin! It was sin to have a baby. . . . It was only a baby they minded." And even here, it will be noted that it is the unmarried father, not the mother, who protests thus. A quarter century ago, moreover, such comedies as "The Bachelor Father" and "It's a Wise Child" could never have become successes, and could scarcely have been written, simply because they would not then have reflected any recognized social attitude. We are gradually regarding the phenomenon of illegitimacy realistically instead of sentimentally and emotionally, which indicates that our illegitimacy rate is sufficiently on the rise to make an illegitimate child or an unwed mother less of a sensation and more of a matter of course.

*(Continued on Page 62)*

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*DECOROUS DRINKING*

*The fiction has arisen that short cruises are noisy drinking bouts. Some may be, but certainly not all. Drinks may be had on foreign ships, but not all Americans try to drink a big ship dry. This cruise bar is quiet enough—and coëducational.*

# Cruises to Nowhere

## *A New Idea in de Luxe Travel*

*By* HENRY F. PRINGLE

IT WAS, obviously, sheer sentimentality and quite unimportant, but there was something faintly depressing about the moment—exactly 11:30 o'clock on a humid August night—when the S. S. *Aquitania* of the Cunard Line dropped her lines and began the first, almost imperceptible progress into the river. The huge pier was no different, unless it was that the crowd on hand to watch the sailing was sparse. The usual flags fluttered where the first-class gangplank had been. The arc lights flared. The somewhat mysterious official, who always stands at the river end of the pier, was holding the red lantern aloft to warn river traffic out of the way. The fussy tugs puffed and wheezed as they pulled the ship into the stream and turned her about just as it seemed certain that she would crash into the wharfs on the Jersey side.

From a point forward on the boat deck—the landsman at sea is easy to identify by his strained endeavors to say "forward" and "aft" and to identify "port" from "starboard"—the scene must have been precisely as at every midnight sailing. The incredible backdrop of the Singer tower, the Woolworth Building, and the new Empire State Building with its golden wand of light, crept down to the water's edge. The glow of Broadway hung over the region of Times Square. The river was oily and black and dirty, a foil for the clean sea that lay ahead.

Yet something was lacking. You thought of the scene—was it in McFee's *Command* or in his *Casuals of the Sea*? —when that ship slipped down the river toward Liverpool and crossed the path of a ferry. A member of her crew looked down from on high toward the men with their derby hats and their briefcases who were bound for stuffy offices. He looked down and was proud, because he belonged to a race apart. He was going somewhere, the horizon loomed. One is entitled, perhaps, to a vicarious share in that elation, when standing on the deck of the *Aquitania* as the ship moves out to sea. This time it was lacking. Her whistle had sounded its usual warning—that deep, poignant, almost unbearable warning—which in the daytime is hardly heard but which at night echoes across the city. This time its meaning was gone, for the *Aquitania* was not, as a ship should be, going anywhere. Technically, of course, she was bound for Halifax, and the phrase evolved to describe these week-end cruises, "Cruise to Nowhere," is inaccurate.

But who wants to go to Halifax? This, as I said, is sentimentality; unfair and not a little absurd. I went below to A deck and found the stewards extraordinarily cheerful in anticipation of the extra gratuities which the week-end would bring. For the slump has had a disastrous effect on shipping and the reduction in passenger lists has caused many a British sailor's sweetheart, waiting more or less faithfully in the East End, to mourn the days of Coolidge prosperity.

LET us rout melancholy with a statistic or two. It has always been the custom for ocean liners to remain in port for from four to six days between crossings. The *Aquitania*, for example, might arrive in New York on a Friday morning. She would not sail until Tuesday. In this interim, most of the costs of operation continued. Under British maritime law the crews are hired for a round trip at Liverpool, and their wages continue whether the vessel is at sea or at dock. The insurance must be paid. The wharfage charges are high. This did not matter in the happy days when Wall Street brokers fought for the Prince of Wales suite and threatened to transfer to the French Line unless they got it. The first and second class cabins were comfortably crowded, at least during the summer months. The tourist third, a class created when the immigration business dropped off, overflowed with a mixture of ukuleles, mandolins, college boys and girls and jazz bands. Then the passenger receipts dropped severely, and tariffs from cargo also fell off.

It is uncertain just who, in this crisis, evolved the thought of the week-end tour. Ralph Dellevie, president of National Tours and a young man with a great deal of experience in such matters, is undoubtedly entitled to part of the credit. Some official of the Cunard Line, unfortunately unidentified, had a hand in the plans. The first idea was to announce a "Cruise to Nowhere." The ship would simply leave port, steam out twelve miles, open her bar and return after four or five days of leisurely sailing. Prospective passengers, however, explained with a degree of embarrassment that this was not possible. Their friends, they said, asked them where they were going on a vessel unhampered by prohibition laws, and snickered knowingly at the reply that no port would be touched. Thereupon, the decision was made to announce an objective. In cold weather it would be Bermuda or Nassau. In warm weather the cruise would be northerly, in the direction of Nova Scotia. Applications for reservations then came in increasing numbers. The *Mauretania* made the first Cunard run on April 24. Since then, one or another of the large

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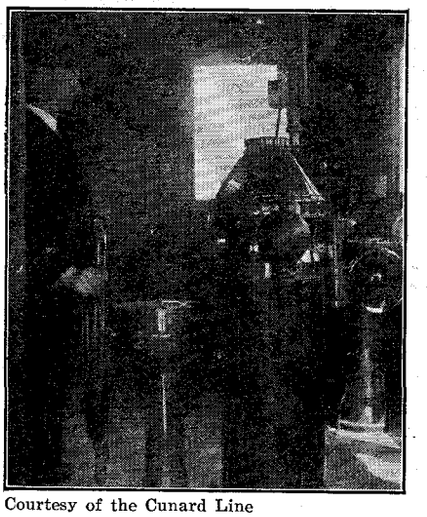
express Cunarders has left nearly every week. The other lines, too, have followed suit. *The Leviathan* has made at least one cruise. The French Line boats have made some.

The cruises are all more or less the same, with the occasional variation of a triangle tour of six or seven days on which both Bermuda and Halifax are visited. Everything on the ship is "first-class"; that is, there are no restrictions. The Cunard carefully limits the number of passengers; about 600 for the *Mauretania*, 800 for the *Aquitania* and 1,000 for the *Berengaria*. The result, unless my figures are wrong, will be a decided improvement when the profit and loss statements of the several companies are drafted this year.

On a ship in the *Aquitania* class, the heaviest item is for fuel. The oil bill at sea is about $5,600 a day. Food, in as much as the cuisine is maintained at the high level of a transatlantic crossing during these week-end cruises, costs in the neighborhood of $2,000 a day. The average cruise, with 800 passengers entitled to the service and accommodations of first-class passage, makes it necessary for the line to engage a number of additional stewards and cooks. Accurate cost accounting would also require the inclusion of such items as insurance, depreciation and interest on the huge investment that these liners represent.

However one figures it, there is a comfortable profit in the week-end cruise as long as there are from 500 to 800 persons on board. The fare starts at $50, but the average passage is approximately $85. With 800 passengers, the receipts would be $68,000. The expenses for fuel and food total about $30,000 for a four-day trip. These figures, quite unofficial, are the result of discreet inquiry and no one except myself is to be held responsible. But they are, I believe, fair approximations. In addition, of course, there is an element of profit derived from the fact that liquor can be sold, openly and comfortably and decently, when the ship has crossed that imaginary line which marks the boundary of the Volstead Act, twelve miles out at sea.



Courtesy of the Cunard Line

*A cruise to nowhere, but still on a set course. It's just as hard on the navigator as if it were a cruise to somewhere.*

The time had come, as the *Aquitania* dropped her pilot down the bay on that warm Friday night in August, to look into the liquor situation. This, I had been told, was the sole reason for the great success of these tours. Thirsty Americans, who believed in prohibition and voted the dry Republican ticket, raced for the bar the moment it opened and remained in a state of more or less complete intoxication until the vessel docked on the following Tuesday evening. I had heard graphic stories of inert figures collapsed, for the want of a gutter, in companionways.

It must have been about 12:30 o'clock when we headed for the open sea and it was said that the technical twelve-mile limit would not be waited for; that corks would pop immediately. In the main lounge, however, there was no sign of the revelry to come. An orchestra was playing for dancing. At small tables men and women were drinking coffee and ginger-ale and eating the sandwiches offered by the stewards. Only one group, as far as I could see, was drinking liquor and the elaborate trappings of the whisky bottle on their table, with its wires and sealing wax and complicated label, betrayed it as the product of an American bootlegger. Aft on the port side, where the welcome words "American Bar" were neatly lettered above the door, there was no sign of activity. Stewards said that they "did not rightly know, sir" when it would open or, indeed, if it would open at all that night. Before long I was told that it would not. One expected, in view of the preliminary warnings, that committees of indignant passengers would wait upon the captain in protest. But nothing of the sort occurred. I heard one or two expressions of sorrow and that was all. A fog shut down as we passed the Narrows; the fog-whistle began to sound at its persistent interval of fifty seconds. The dancing continued in the lounge. We were at sea.

No possible doubt exists that the serving of liquor is a main attraction of these week-end cruises. ". . . . the finest beverages of Europe" is a phrase from one advertisement. The Cunard Line, although it virtuously refrains from this provocative lure in its public notices, permitted such words as "your favorite morning eye-opener in the lounge," "pop the corks," "with tall glasses at every elbow," "the 'cup that cheers' during dinner" to steal into a pamphlet written to describe the attractions of the voyage.

I doubt very much that a cruise on a dry ship would return a profit. At the same time, if this voyage of the *Aquitania* was at all typical, the importance of liquor has been highly exaggerated. The bar was filled, but not uncomfortably so, by 11 o'clock on the morning of the second day. By noon there were plenty of customers anxious to see whether cocktails actually sold for twenty and twenty-

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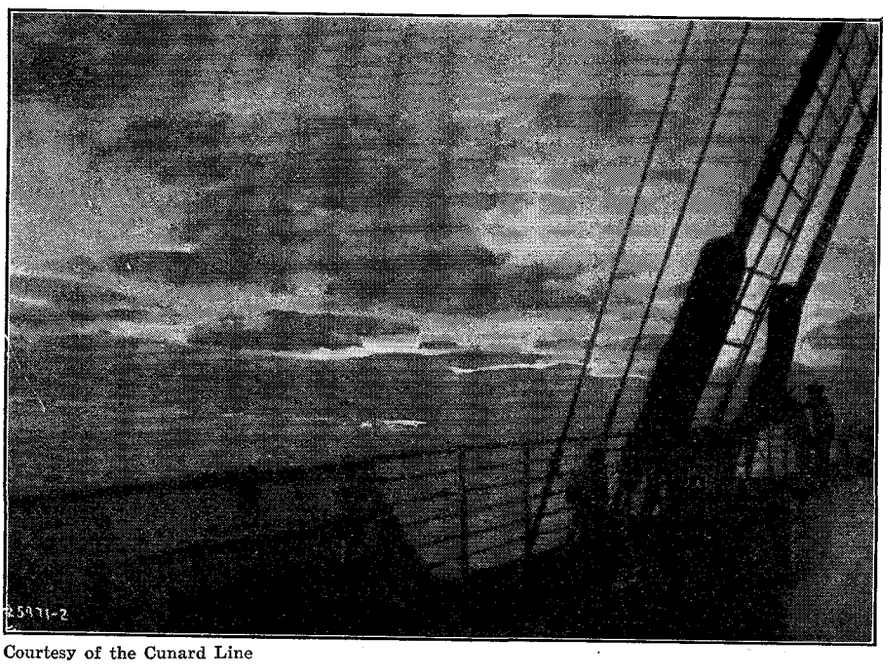

Courtesy of the Cunard Line

*One reason why Americans go cruising.*

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# How Dry Is Maine?

By DAVID GRAY

EARLY in June I heard a prominent Maine Republican say, "If the presidential election were tomorrow and Hoover the Republican candidate, Maine would go wet and Democratic." Perhaps, but more probably not. Maine Republicans grumble but support the party. Even in the deeps of economic depression there is no independent or insurgent press to voice opposition, and as a result of the direct primary the Democratic party has shrunk to negligibility.

Nevertheless, the assertion is indicative of an undercurrent of discontent with prohibition as well as business conditions which has only recently come to the surface. Ex-Senator Gould is largely responsible for the crystallization of this sentiment. At the time his endorsement of the grape juice firm was published he made no attempt to deny his appreciation of the juice which had turned into wine. Instead, he spoke out in meeting and declared that a majority of the voters of Maine were wet and would vote wet if the women would let them. Strange to say, there was little outraged clamor against him and no authoritative refutation of his statement. The man in the street said, "Good for Arthur Gould; he's let the cat out of the bag."

Thus the taboo on public discussion of the Noble Experiment came to an end. In the ensuing Senatorial primary and election Duguld B. Dewar of Portland had the temerity to run as a wet and, though unknown politically and without organization or funds, he polled about six thousand votes. It was a small cloud on the dry horizon, but in as much as any indication of moisture had been hitherto regarded as political blasphemy it was significant.

Maine is *sui generis* politically. Except for an element of politically apathetic French Canadians, it has practically no foreign-born population. Moreover, since the opening of the West its adventurous and progressive youth has regularly emigrated. Unless an ambitious young man is heir to a family business the best he can hope for at home is a clerkship or a struggle in the overstocked and underpaid professions. Life is pleasanter and more humane in Maine than in the big cities, but careers that bring money and power are few. Thus the restless, vehement and insurgent type of mind is always totally lacking, as is the captain of industry. Maine people are personally kindly, well-mannered and honest beyond the average of the nation, and politically conservative beyond the average. In the town meetings no one rises to protest expenditures and the towns are struggling with excessive taxation and dwindling values for assessment. No one wants to affront his neighbor, so open discussion languishes and grievances multiply.

It was on such a passive citizenry that the handful of drys imposed their will when national prohibition was swept in. Maine for good reasons had had state prohibition since the middle of the last century. The West India rum trade had flooded the state with cheap intoxicants and public drinking had become a public scandal and an economic and moral menace. Maine's prohibition measures were in reality anti-saloon measures. It was unlawful to sell intoxicants. It was lawful for the individual to import them for his personal use. For Maine it was a reasonable and profitable system. Maine in effect was on a dispensary basis with New Hampshire and Massachusetts as the sources of supply.

The difference between national prohibition, which means compulsory total abstinence, and Maine prohibition, which meant the abolition of the saloon but retention of the legal right of personal supply, was not at first recognized. Prohibition was a sacred thing and, invoking its holy name, the extremists impressed upon a submissive and confused community the most stringent dry legislation supplementary to the federal enactments. The ink which made these measures law was hardly dry before the demand for the old right of personal supply made itself felt. Bootlegging began in Maine as promptly as in New York and is as highly organized an industry there, as anywhere. Moreover, the great beverage of the agricultural community, hard cider, was manufactured uninterruptedly as before. A barrel of fermented apple juice left in a zero temperature produces a non-freezable alcoholic residue pleasant to the taste and of great authority. No seeker after stimulant needs higher alcoholic content.

Unless the maker of this beverage sells it, the law does not interfere with him, so the Maine cider drinker sits tight and is not personally concerned with the prohibition dispute. Nevertheless, discontent with national prohibition has been steadily growing. Alcohol drinking among the youth of both sexes is one of the factors responsible for this. What goes on everywhere in America among the adolescents goes on in Maine. It was unknown before national prohibition, and thoughtful parents have begun to charge it to the repressive measures which have made it impossible to serve wine and beer in a decent way at home.

ECONOMIC conditions are another factor in the problem. With taxes rising and available sources of revenue not increasing, the Maine taxpayer looks enviously at Quebec and its substantial profits from a regulated liquor traffic. Why should so many Maine dollars go to the bootlegger and to Quebec which might be kept at home with a state dispensary system? A third cause of dissatisfaction which affects thoughtful citizens is the corrupting influence on the enforcement authorities felt in Maine as elsewhere. No such situation as was disclosed in Chicago exists in Maine or ever could exist, but there have been enough liquor graft exposures in the last ten years to make it clear that bribery for protection is a continuing menace to honest local government. There is finally a small but growing group that protests on constitutional principle against compulsory total abstinence.

Whether these forces of dissatisfaction are likely to manifest themselves in political action in any immediate future is doubtful. There is no anti-prohibition leadership;

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no forum for the public discussion of the issue and no funds for agitation. The majority of the people of Maine are temperate, law-abiding, and insistent upon public decency. They will tolerate no liquor nuisance once having rid themselves of it. Yet they have no more conscience about nullifying compulsory total abstinence than the people of New York. In their own fashion, though they vote dry, they violate the spirit of the Eighteenth amendment as generally as any other community.

THOUGH speakeasies and the open sale of liquor are not tolerated, the number of total abstaining prohibitionists in the state is probably negligible. I have lived seventeen years in Maine and can count less than ten persons of voting age among my personal acquaintances who believe in national prohibition and abstain. To five of these I put the question, "How many abstaining prohibitionists do you know?" The first, a woman, said that she knew "three or four"; the second, a life-long prohibitionist and an influential business man, said, "Three or four"; the third, a man prominent in state politics, said that he knew most of the dry leaders, but aside from them, in the circle of his personal acquaintance, he knew but few; the fourth and fifth set the number at "six or eight." It is interesting to note that the husband of the woman first quoted is a wet, and that the children of the influential business man bootleg and drink as do other well-to-do young people.

Further pursuing the inquiry, I interrogated an experienced official of a dry rural town which polls six or seven hundred votes and is strongly Republican and Methodist. I asked him how many of these voters were total abstainers. His thoughtful answer was, "Not over ten." Most of the householders of the town, if they did not bootleg, put up cider or homemade wines of intoxicating alcoholic content, but there was little or no intemperance. They vote dry because "they don't want the saloon back."

An observer, not Maine born, is at a disadvantage in such an inquiry, for he is always a "foreigner" and must live in the state a long time before even his friends will talk frankly, but the Maine born citizens to whom I have submitted the figures quoted express no surprise and say that they are substantially accurate. The fact is that the people of Maine are like the people of other states as far as nullification of the Eighteenth amendment is concerned, but they would rather have things as they are than chance the return of the saloon and they are inhibited by a New England reticence from agitating for a program that would prohibit the saloon and restore the right of purchase for personal use. Maine is a community in which the experiment of drastically punishing the drunkard, while according to the temperate the right to use alcoholic beverages, might well be expected to succeed.

The Republican leadership of the state is at present wholly dry, but it is not a leadership which makes any attempt to mold public opinion beyond supporting Republican candidates at election. Its dominating principle is to reflect the wishes of the electorate. If the electorate should express a desire for modification it would probably reflect that, but it will make no move to lead the way to modification. Governor Gardiner's energies have been directed upon a reorganization of the state's administration. Since his election he has been a total abstainer and has conscientiously enforced the prohibition laws. He may not personally be satisfied with the principle of compulsory total abstinence, but he is not looking for more trouble than is forced upon him.

Senator Hale has been a total abstainer since his entrance into politics and believes that prohibition has settled the liquor question or ought to have settled it. He would probably accept a clear mandate for modification, but it would be against his expressed views. The newly elected Senator White is also dry, as are the Maine representatives in the House. Ex-Governor Brewster, who is in revolt against the Republican machine, is strongly dry and obtains much of his following from the extremist elements. Ex-Governor Baxter is the only other figure in Maine politics of a political stature that might qualify him for the leadership of a modificationist movement. He is personally an abstainer and has been identified with the dry leaders, but he is a man of acute intelligence and keenly interested in problems of government.

The incidents of enforcement, excessive fines and imprisonment for acts which only those who confuse Christianity with prohibition deem criminal in themselves, the growth of snoopery, spies and *agents provocateur*, the satisfaction of private grudges by informers, the recurring evidence of bribery and corruption—all insensibly but surely are disgusting intelligent citizens with the present régime and preparing the field for a change. The attitude of the press is also significant. While editorially supporting prohibition, the newspapers manifest a less violent and dogmatic attitude than formerly, doubtless reflecting the attitude of their readers and advertisers. Moreover, they display the wet news as conspicuously as the press of wet communities.

ENFORCEMENT of the constitutional injunction against the manufacture of intoxicants directed against the home would of course precipitate an immediate revolt, but the extremists would never dare attempt such procedure and so it is uncertain how or when dissatisfaction with national prohibition will manifest itself in political action. But the people of Maine are not different from the people of other states in their habits and convictions though they are slower to express them, nor are they confronted as is the South by a subject negro population, nor as are the great cities by elements of foreign extraction demanding public drinking. Repeal of the Eighteenth amendment and recovery of the right to regulate its own liquor problem would constitute for Maine no menace to temperance and public decency and the sentiment exists which might demand it sooner than the practical politicians realize. Thus the conclusion is forced upon the observer that Maine is not as dry as it votes, nor as wet as it drinks. Correctly understood and interpreted, Maine is for temperance.

## This Week's Contributors

Miriam Allen de Ford is an author of articles, poetry, short stories and of the book entitled "Love Children: A Book of Famous Illegitimates," published last April. She was born in Philadelphia, lives in California, and was educated at Wellesley, Temple University and the University of Pennsylvania. She is the wife of Maynard Shipley, president of the Science League of America, and himself an author.

David Gray is a novelist, playwright, and former newspaper man who has lived in Maine for the last fourteen years. He was a captain in aviation during the war and served as liaison officer with the French army. He has also studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1899.

Don Wharton of the OUTLOOK staff supervised the OUTLOOK's poll of newspaper editors, which is tabulated in this issue. He is a Southerner and formerly a member of the staff of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

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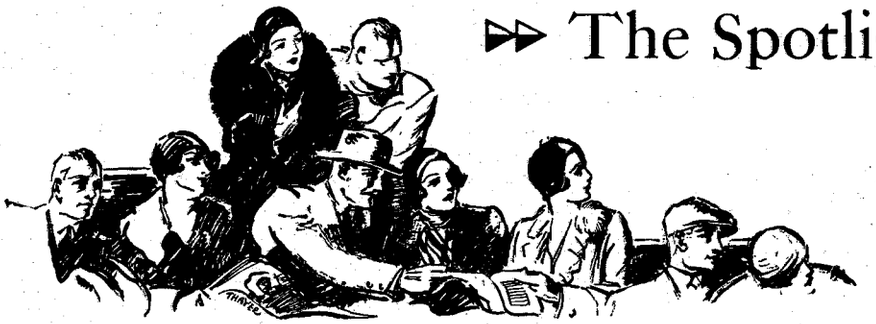
# The Spotlight on Sports



## Bobby Jones's Successor

SOMEBODY will be trying on Bobby Jones's shoes when these lines are read. That somebody will rattle around in them, metaphorically and actually. Jones is a super-golfer (much as we hate that banal adjective) and he wears number nine shoes.

Big feet and big hands are the two most useful physical assets in golf. Tall gawky "bean poles" and squat, pudgy cherubs have won golf titles, but nearly all of them had disproportionately large feet and hands.

The feet are the foundation of the golf swing. Big feet give solidity to the stance. Legs play a vital rôle on the tennis court, where mobility counts, but feet act as anchors in the stationary golf swing. All the golfing angels have big feet, though contrary to the jingle of childhood memory, they buy their shoes at Spaldings rather than at Rogers Peet.

Similarly, the hand exerts a more compelling influence than the arm on the golf stroke. Watch the top flighters in action. Note how much use they make of their hands. They are "palm and finger hitters" whereas the ordinary golfer does it all with his arms. Bobby Jones has thick wrists, abnormally big hands, and fingers of tempered steel. The hands control the position of the club at impact. The wrists impart that whip-like flick which means added yardage. Harry Vardon's hands look like a bunch of bananas.

## Five One-Shot Holes

BEVERLY, scene of the golf championship now in progress, measures 6,770 yards. It ranks with Oakmont and Flossmoor as the three longest links ever selected for the National Amateur event.

Five par three holes give Beverly a unique flavor. During the Victorian era, two short holes per course was the prescribed formula. In as much as St. Andrews had only two single-shotters, golf architects slavishly copied that traditional layout. Gradually, the popularity of the par three hole caused the number to grow to three or four per course, but five one-shotters is an unprecedented number. What's more, many of Beverly's so-called short holes call for long wood shots.

A par three is really the most exacting of all golf holes. If your tee shot isn't on the green the odds are tremendously against your getting par. The issue usually hinges on one stroke. The chance of retrieving a poor shot is very slight. Assuming the non-existent—a course restricted entirely to single-shot holes—no golfer who ever lived could average even par over it and return a card of fifty-four. On the other hand, a talented player might beat par by five or six strokes given a course which contained nothing but medium length par four holes.

Beverly runs to polar extremes. Four five-hundred yard holes balance the five single-shotters. It might well be called the Mutt and Jeff of golf courses.

## Tennis Team Play

A SUSTAINED RAINY SPELL plus the Massachusetts Blue Law which bans Sunday sports contests to which admission is charged very literally threw the National Doubles Tennis Championship into the middle of next week! In this case next week happens to be the week just ending. The delay irritated competitors eager to tune up their strokes for the singles championship and embarrassed your correspondent no little. Not being gifted with clairvoyance, I cannot comment on the new national doubles champions.

Americans aren't temperamentally attuned to the doubles game. Your true Yankee hates to share responsibility. He wants to hit all the winners himself, not so much through any urge to hog the limelight, as because inaction irks him. He hates to stand idly by while his partner kills a lob. We are individualists in everything we do, a trait readily apparent in the way we play tennis doubles. They really amount to "joint singles"—two superlatively good players going their own way with as little regard for deft combination play as is humanly possible in the case of men sharing one little court.

Not since Hackett and Alexander were winning the doubles title with monotonous regularity have we had a real doubles team in all that the term implies. While neither ever won a singles championship, they made an ideal pair exhibiting perfect coördination, synchronizing smoothly, anticipating each other's every move. Ward and Wright likewise dovetailed slickly, while Tilden and Richards could coöperate when they felt like it.

One personality should dominate the other in doubles play. Steady going, self-effacing Hackett served as a foil for Alexander, the brilliant but erratic lead horse. Oddly enough the most devastating pair ever to represent America at tennis was Johnston and Tilden. They disliked each other. They didn't always pull together. They played "joint singles" instead of true doubles, but the sheer abandon of their individual genius carried all before it.

Of the Longwood partnerships, Allison and Van Ryn come nearest to achieving the spiritual camaraderie and mechanical articulation which mark the great doubles team. Shields and Wood also show a cohesive front, with Frank forging the thunderbolts and Sidney sustaining the rallies.

Perhaps the most fantastic pairing ever conceived once made strange net fellows of Bill Tilden and Dick Williams. Each considered that he had a divine mandate to play the left hand court. The discordant play of these brilliant and eccentric personalities was fearful and wonderful to behold, each poaching on the other's preserves while leaving wide lanes unguarded, yet they won their Davis Cup match from a strong Australian team! As Hackett aptly put it, "Bill and Dick played masculine mixed doubles."

## The Harmsworth Trophy

KAYE DON, the moody Irishman who set the world's record for speed boats at a fraction above 110 miles an hour, meets our own Gar Wood this week-end in an international race for the Harmsworth Trophy. No restrictions are placed on the type, power, or size of craft eligible for this spectacular test. Designers have a free hand. They may crowd their frail, eggshell hulled hydroplanes with every ounce of engine power

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possible. Sometimes they overstep this theoretical limit: Result—the motor literally tears the boat apart. Water friction sent Sir Henry Seagrave to his death at Lake Windemere, when the bottom plates of his boat were ripped out by sheer speed. The floating branch rumor was a myth.

Don will use Seagrave's ill-fated craft, Miss England II. She was salvaged, reconditioned, and buttressed below the water line to endure a greater stress but American boat builders consider her vulnerable except in extremely smooth water. Miss England II is thirty-eight and one-half feet long, weighs 9000 pounds, and is driven by twin Rolls-Royce engines similar to those employed in Britain's Schneider Cup sea planes. They are a military secret, closely guarded from prying eyes. These motors develop 4100 horse power. Gar Wood's Miss America IX is only twenty-eight feet long, weighs 8000 pounds, and is powered by Packard engines rated at 2120 horse power. The recent installation of super-chargers is expected to increase their effectiveness. Don has the faster boat. If this contest called for a series of tests over a measured mile he would almost surely win.

Nevertheless, the cards are stacked against the invader. Don's boat is not suited to the Detroit River course, with its comparatively sharp turns and wind-churned water. Miss England's record was made along a straightaway, on a calm, sheltered lake. Harmsworth Cup conditions call for the best two out of the three heats over a thirty-mile course featuring hairpin curves. Wood expects to gain more on the turns than he loses on the straightaways. His craft is fitted with two propellers. By slowing down the inside screw he can negotiate curves at terrific speed. Miss England is driven by a single propeller.

Numbers as well as course conditions are against Kaye Don. He will be opposed by at least two and possibly three American defenders. Gar Wood's brother, George, will pilot Miss America VIII. If they resort to questionable tactics, they may pocket Miss England.

Furthermore, the harsh Harmsworth code calls for the permanent disqualification of any contestant who is forced to withdraw from a heat. A mechanical breakdown may thus eliminate a boat from further competition no matter whether repairs can be made later. With only one boat against two or three, Kaye Don faces desperate accident odds. Wood seems to have the joker up his sleeve.

GEORGE TREVOR.

# The Week in Business

## *One More Inch*

ALTHOUGH retail trade was a bit unsteady, particularly in the grain states, enough favorable factors developed in production and in wholesale distribution to make the net result for the week a slight gain.

Steel manufacture slipped back a point and the motors continued quiet, but the textile and shoe plants forged ahead and a new industry (automobile tires) worked its way up into the active list. A number of southern cities and the entire state of Texas reported retail sales considerably better than the average for the rest of the country.

The grain states have had to suffer a double handicap—unseasonably cold weather in certain sections and the marketing of farm products at the lowest levels ever recorded. There appears to be a widespread tendency to blame all of the rural troubles, including the bad weather, on the Federal Farm Board, but as this issue goes to press there has been no definite action on the suggestion made by the *New Yorker* that every third member of the Board be plowed under.

Factors which helped to hold the investment markets fairly steady were the generally favorable reaction to the Franco-American $400,000,000 loan to support sterling, the continuation of progress toward rationalization of the petroleum industry, and evidence of harmonious relations between the management and the organized labor of the railroads. Psychologically there is no little advantage in the fact that August is gone and September is here. This month has an R in it, which we hope stands for Revival.

## INDICES

***(A two-minute summary)***

**Commodity Prices** (Fisher's Index—1926=100) August 27—68.9. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) August 27—61.3.

**Car Loadings** (American Railway Assn.) Week ended August 15—742,736 cars (increase of 7,956 over preceding week; reduction of 180,087 under same week of 1930).

**Steel Ingot Production** Week ended August 22—32% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 26% under same week of 1930).

**Crude Oil Production** Week ended August 22—daily average gross 2,608,250 barrels (increase of 109,750 over preceding week and of 137,750 over same week of 1930).

**Bank Clearings** (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended August 27—$5,804,644,000 (reduction of 15.8% under preceding week and of 22.8% under same week of 1930).

**Failures** (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended August 27—436 (reduction of 8 under preceding week and of 35 under same week of 1930).

## *Dough-X*

AT THE START of our dash for the Battery to see "DO-X" come in from Norfolk, we were buttonholed by a friend who asked, "What has that flying whale to do with business?" There was no time for an adequate reply. All we could do was to answer "Plenty!" and rush on.

But as we milled about with the thousands of people in Battery Park and finally saw the world's largest heavier-than-air flying machine come up the bay, pay its graceful tribute to Miss Liberty and later taxi to its parking place not far out from the Aquarium, we felt certain that we were witnessing the beginning of a revolution in ocean travel.

Granted that on this particular trip the Dornier ship had its troubles, and plenty of them—fire, storm, fog, rain, tropic heat and bitter cold—but the fact remains that it got here. That is a fact of tremendous economic importance.

What has the airplane to do with business? More and more, every day. Ask the National Foreign Trade Council, which recently reported on the amazing growth of air contacts with Latin America and asserted that "American planes provide an indispensable means of trade recovery." Ask those banks in Omaha which were saved by the arrival of $3,000,000 in currency by airplane after a series of runs. Especially ask the

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owners and managers of the ocean steamship lines. They know what it means to them—that they must build better, faster ships if they are to hold their own, even for a time. And out of it all business is going to get the most effective ocean transportation the world has ever seen.

### ▸▸*Zircon in Your Home*

If you were interested in "cactizona" and "hipernik" you might take a look at "zircon," the new gem which has given a fillip to the jewelry trade at a time when most of us have gotten out of the habit of buying luxuries.

Zircon, which has an exceptionally high refractive index, is one of the most brilliant of the precious stones. The supply comes chiefly from Bangkok in Siam and Colombo in Ceylon, and in smaller quantities from India. Some of the stones are colorless, and after cutting can be distinguished from the diamond only by experts. Other zircons are blue (christened "Starlite" by Dr. Kunz of Tiffany's), leaf-green, red or golden yellow.

From E. P. Youngman of the United States Bureau of Mines we learn that the first allotment of zircons to enter the United States was obtained in 1921 from Siam for scientific and museum purposes and that the stone was not handled by the jewelers of this country until about 1926. One form, "Starlite," is now sold over the entire world, having had the benefit of a well organized publicity campaign.

### ▸▸*Big Business*

Dr. Harry W. Laidler, executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy and president of the National Bureau of Economic Research, has done for the post-war concentration of business what John Moody did for the early twentieth century industrial scene. In *Concentration of Control in American Industry* (Thomas Y. Crowell, $3.75) he has given a descriptive rather than an analytical or theoretical study of industrial trends.

Dr. Laidler's book appeals to reader interest in many ways, but two points deserve particular recognition. He presents 500 pages of factual material that no student of business can afford to miss. And he steers clear of specific prophecy. That way wisdom lies. The immediate future of big business is too uncertain to predict and too important to guess about.

Frank A. Fall.

# ▸▸ The New Movies ◂◂

### ▸▸*"Street Scene"*

King Vidor's first important film since *Hallelujah* is a skilfully directed edition of Elmer Rice's drama of life and death in a swarming brownstone tenement in New York's upper west side. None of the play's dramatic power has been lost in the process. Mr. Vidor has followed Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prize play in all its essentials, omitting only the "damns," the "hells" and the character of the unpleasant charity worker.* In Mr. Rice's tenement life moves with a terrible swiftness. A baby is born, a man shoots his wife and her lover, and the daughter (Sylvia Sidney) returns home to see "Pop" hunted like a rabbit and finally led away to prison and the electric chair. Among the other characters are a gossipy neighbor woman, a Jewish school teacher and her young brother who would rather marry Sylvia Sidney than go on with his career, and Miss Sidney's married boss who is trying to set her up somewhere in a little apartment. As in the play, the entire action is in the street. The camera never goes into the house or behind those terrible drawn shades—terrible because of Mr. Vidor's superlative direction. One or two scenes in which the camera floats gradually skyward until the street and its noises are oddly remote and impersonal, are superior to the play.

On the whole, however, I believe that *Street Scene* was better as a play. The continued closeups, while occasionally brilliant, do not give you a feeling of the street as a whole. You are not in a roaring city, you are examining one individual face. Also missing in the film is the subdued hum and roar of street traffic which was so perfectly reproduced in the original stage version.

*At the suggestion of the Will Hays office she was altered in the film. See Elmer Rice's indignant article in the Nation for June 10, 1931.

### Worth Seeing

**Bad Girl:** A story of commonplace people falling in love and getting married, well enough done to be interesting and even exciting.

**Miracle Woman:** Barbara Stanwyck as a lady evangelist—based on Aimee McPherson's life and times.

**Rebound:** Civilized and witty dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart and a grand performance by Ina Claire.

**Smart Money:** Edward G. Robinson portrays a big time gambler.

**Smiling Lieutenant:** Maurice Chevalier, Strauss waltzes and *two* beautiful ladies.

**Star Witness:** An ordinary American family's reaction to gang murders, as grandpa says, "by them danged dirty furiners."

**Transatlantic:** Melodrama aboard a big ocean liner with Edmund Lowe, Myrna Loy, Greta Nissen and Lois Moran.

### ▸▸*"Women Go On Forever"*

Clara Kimball Young—who has not been seen or heard from since 1925—comes back with considerable success as Daisy Bowman, the imperturbable boarding house mistress in *Women Go On Forever*. The film is taken from Daniel N. Rubin's excellent play of some years ago. In Daisy's boarding house life much resembles that in *Street Scene*. Murder, childbirth, attempted seduction and endless quarreling go on almost simultaneously and almost continuously. Only Daisy Bowman is forever undamaged either physically or emotionally. She is a sort of invulnerable umpire in a cheap New York boarding house. It is true that when she takes an especial fancy to a gentleman she gives him the room next to hers rent free—but when he is shot she placidly puts the "Room for Rent" sign in the window and takes up with the next healthy stranger who appears. And yet she is rather a grand character—with sufficient decent emotions to gain your respect as well as your breathless attention. Clara Kimball Young (who started with Vitagraph in 1912) has now been away so long that hers is almost a new face—but an extremely welcome one. She has character and strength and none of the prettiness of such players as Constance Bennett. *Women Go On Forever* was directed by Walter Lang for James Cruze, now an independent producer.

Creighton Peet.

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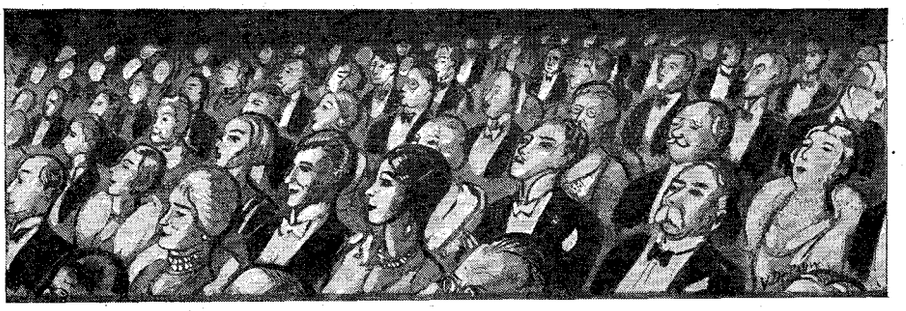
# The Latest Plays



## Tasteless Exhibit

THE new Earl Carroll Theatre, in which Mr. Carroll has just presented his ninth *Vanities*, is the first to provide for little lights on the back of the seats by which one can read the program during the performance. If it were not for that convenience I'm sure I don't know what one would do to while away the time while the show is actually going on. A stupider, duller or more tasteless exhibit it would be hard indeed to find. Even the costumes and settings are mostly ugly and pointless, being merely vulgar display, and there is not a tune in the piece with the slightest originality or merit. As for the sketches, the less said the better. It was encouraging to note that few people in the audience seemed to be much more amused at them than I was.

The program, however, is inspired. From it one learns that the portals through which pass THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE WORLD are guarded by girl receptionists as sweet and beautiful as those within the stage confines. "The establishment of a Club Room for the musicians, another for the house attaches, and a Card Room for the stage hands is the first effort to introduce a humane attitude in the theatre toward employees during working hours!" (Exclamation point mine.) The talented author of these notes even goes on to say, "The most notable contribution to the progress of the American Theatre is our establishment of a minimum wage of $100 per week for our girls."

As a matter of fact, eliminating hooey, which in the case of Mr. Carroll is not easy, he has built a very handsome theatre and a lot of the gadgets he has installed have long been needed. But I don't think the show itself is anywhere near worth the three dollars which is all he charges for the best seats. I advise a visit to the Earl Carroll Theatre, but not because of anything that occurs on the stage while the current *Vanities* are being performed. The theatre is very much worth looking at and I assure you I haven't told you anywhere near all the funny things which may be noted in that program.

## Trick Play

In this Capone-Diamond child-killing era murder as such is not particularly exciting to us unless we know the victim ourselves. In *Three Times the Hour*, with which Brock Pemberton finally inaugurated the 1931-32 season, we are asked to become concerned over the murder of a man whom we never are permitted to see until the last act. Most of us don't care a whoop. It is true that a fairly novel dramatic trick is employed in *Three Times the Hour* but it is never any more than just a trick play. Valentine Davies, the author, has the action take place on the first three floors of a Fifth Avenue house simultaneously during the hour before midnight.

Each act represents a floor and although the time of the three acts is the same, they are played in succession, beginning with what occurred on the first floor and moving up. As the man who is killed is on the third floor and stays there, that is why we don't make his acquaintance before our curiosity about him has given way to a bored confusion about why all the other people keep running up and down stairs all the time. Why the gentleman couldn't have come down for at least a glass of champagne or something, quite eludes me. In the large and bewildering array of people who attended the dance which was going on on the first floor while murder was being committed above, Aleta Freel, Sam Levene, Francesca Braggiotti and Pierre Mario managed to stand out and I predict will all be heard from in subsequent and, I hope, better plays.

### Recommended Shows

**Grand Hotel:** The German melodrama seems still set for quite a while. It should be.

**The Band Wagon:** The revue that has everything, including the Astaires, Tilly Losch, Helen Broderick and Frank Morgan, with plenty for them to do.

**The Barretts of Wimpole Street:** Katharine Cornell being decorative and moving in an interesting play.

**Third Little Show:** A very generous helping of Beatrice Lillie, if that's what you're hungry for.

**Ziegfeld Follies:** In the best Ziegfeld manner, which should be enough for anybody in this line.

## Life in the Bronx

Much nearer to being a good show than either of the above two offerings is *After Tomorrow*, by Hugh Stange and John Golden. Knowing a little about the work of both gentlemen, I suspect that before Mr. Golden offered his collaboration the play was terribly, terribly sincere and with little if any humor to lighten its drab realism. Various extremely theatrical devices were then introduced and, I'd almost be willing to bet, the character of the boy made into the comic relief that Mr. Golden thought was necessary. Even after that was done, *After Tomorrow* remains a pretty depressing piece about life in the Bronx, but a very fine cast tries hard to put the thing across and comes very near being successful.

Donald Meek, as the girl's father who is a failure but completely lovable by anybody except his selfish, nagging wife, has only to repeat the kind of work he has done so often and so well. A little more strong-minded direction might have kept him from a tendency to overdo it. Ross Alexander, as the funny boy who promptly sacrifices all he has saved to get married on to care for the girl's father after he has a stroke, is first rate in every way. Playing the part of a girl who is no whit less noble than her father or her *fiancé*, Barbara Robbins is sweet, understanding and attractive without ever being mushy, which she might easily have been. The main trouble with *After Tomorrow* is the difficulty one has in believing that that wife and mother, who was responsible for all the trouble through her thoughtlessness and utter selfishness, would have stood the gaff in that house for twenty years. Mr. Stange has been close to writing a really good play for some time now. Let's hope he stays at it and succeeds soon. From the number of plays he has done it is obvious that he is a worker.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

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# The New Books

## When England Had Great Men

ENGLAND preceded France by a century in the matter of great men, but where the characters that gave the French Revolution of the eighteenth century its glamour and its gore have nearly all been made to pass through the biographer's alembic, those that really did divine or diabolic things during the reigns of James I and Charles I are just beginning to be disinterred and made to stand out for what they actually were. A notable case in point is *The Reckless Duke* (Harpers, $4) by Sir Philip Gibbs. When better biographies are written the Lord will have created bigger and better men. Since the Lord does not thus far seem to have taken up with this idea, we will have to be content with such studies as the one Mr. Gibbs has made of that George Villiers (1592-1628) who became the Duke of Buckingham and literally ruled England for a dozen years, giving France in the meantime a lot to worry about, frightening Austria, confounding Spain and not exactly amusing Italy.

It will be noted that the Duke's dates have been inserted; this is for the benefit of the reader. Let us dispose first of what may be called the Gibbsian manner. When Emil Ludwig brought out his immense life of Goethe, he boasted, for no reason at all, that the work contained only three dates. There are not many more in the volume before us. It is only by the process of subtraction (and the aid of another book) that we learn that George Villiers was born in 1592. He came to the court of James I in 1614, Mr. Gibbs tells us, and was then "twenty-two years of age." Moreover, there is some peculiar (possibly British) grammar in the life, as when we read (page 145) that James I "must have rode." There are a number of concessions to typewriter style, and on page 264 line 34 belongs where line 31 now is. And nothing is made of the grand writers of the period. Villiers became the First Favorite of James I in 1616, the year that Shakespeare died, yet Shakespeare is not mentioned; nor is the King James Version of the Bible (1611) even so much as referred to. But these are puny errors, or matters of personal taste; for Mr. Gibbs is interested in politics, not literature.

All the rest is good, unless it be the title. Precisely why the Duke of Buckingham should be called "reckless" is not easy to determine. Mr. Gibbs has made him out a noble gentleman and good soldier. Betray his country? Never; for to have done so would have been treason to himself. Here of course lies the trouble. We cannot act with detachment. When Lincoln helped the pig out of the hole, he felt good at first and then admitted that he had performed this act of humble charity so that he himself might feel good. When the Duke of Buckingham showed two kings in succession how to make England great he did so to the end that he himself might be great. And when he flirted with Henrietta Maria, she, the Queen of Charles I, plainly showed that she had no objection to attention from the handsomest man in England, and Charles I knew about it; so three were a company. And it was the days of Merrie England.

Mr. Gibbs has given us a biography of which no sane man is going to say: It reads like fiction. That would be merely a battered compliment. The book does more: It makes the reading of fiction based on the period read like history. Let him who would really grasp Dumas start with Gibbs. If he does not derive any other helpful idea he will learn, from the splendid illustrations based on paintings by the masters, that those were the days when the high and mighty were long-fingered. Look at the portraits by such men as Peter Paul Rubens (intimate chum of the Duke of Buckingham), Tintoretto, Titian (whose name is misspelled), and Julio Romano, and see that they gave their heroes fingers varying in length from six to eight inches. The artists got this notion from the morals of the time, maybe. Can anyone then blame the Duke of Buckingham, who at the age of twenty-two did not own a patchless coat, for determining, once he saw he could do it, to get his share, and incidentally to provide Kate his wife with all those flouncy comforts that fill women with confidence in men?

This is the vital, and in a sense sore spot with the reckless Duke. Bear in mind, when he drifted into the Court of James I he had absolutely nothing but his physique, his personality and his will to power. When the House of Commons tried to impeach him, they used up what was destined to become nearly a page of this book of 425 pages in merely enumerating his titles. The positions he held, when still safe in his thirties, make Mussolini look like a vagrant loafer. And when it was found impossible to impeach him, Charles I gave him one more job, that of Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge. He accepted, was inaugurated with a pomp that has rarely been matched in academic circles, and made, it would seem, a good executive.

All of which reads like a distillation of droll stories, until we hear how the Duke of Buckingham bought some of these more desirable sinecures, admitted the purchase, named the sums paid without being subpoenaed, and then stood right up, foursquare to all the investigating committees that blew, and contended that this was how he served his

## Most Discussed Books

### Fiction

**Shadows on the Rock,** by Willa Cather: Knopf. A charming, sensitive picture of life in Quebec in the time of Frontenac. Reviewed August 5.

**A White Bird Flying,** by Bess Streeter Aldrich: Appleton. The sequel to **A Lantern in Her Hand.** Reviewed August 26.

**The Good Earth,** by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

**The Opening of a Door,** by George Davis. Harper. To be reviewed next week.

**Hatter's Castle,** by A. J. Cronin: Little, Brown. The story of a brutal Scotchman and how he brought his own life down about his ears; excellently written. Reviewed July 22.

### Non-Fiction

**Washington Merry-Go-Round,** Anonymous: Liveright; Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. Reviewed July 29.

**Mexico:** A Study of Two Americas, by Stuart Chase: Macmillan. A student of American civilization analyzes Mexico's. Reviewed August 12.

**The Mirrors of 1932,** Anonymous: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. Reflections of the ten leading Presidential possibilities. Reviewed July 29.

**Living Philosophies,** a symposium: Simon and Schuster. The personal credos of some of the world's foremost thinkers. Reviewed July 15.

**Man's Own Show: Civilization,** by George A. Dorsey. Harper. An outline of almost everything. Reviewed September 2.

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King: by reaching down in his pocket and defraying expenses that might have been placed on the budget of his sovereign. Although it sounds modern, there is nothing else like it on record.

This is why Mr. Gibbs deserves the gratitude of all who would understand English history. He has added a bibliography; but his is the first biography of one of the most remarkable men England has ever had. His first-hand information is priceless. Speaking of Wentworth who, Macaulay said, "as every schoolboy knows" later became Lord Strafford, Mr. Gibbs gives us a noble example of his method. He immediately adds: "Macaulay, whose ignorance of this great character was as colossal as his insolence toward him." That should be enough to cause any one to refrain from ever again bringing in the "schoolboy."

But as every schoolboy will from now on know, the Duke of Buckingham was stabbed to death by one Lieutenant John Felton who was disgruntled because, the captain above him having been killed, Felton was not promoted. Gibbs remarks that promotions in the army and navy were then as now conferred on favorites. It is this sort of laconic moralizing that lends to the study a value that is almost as precious as its factual information.

There are many little side-remarks like this that show where the knighted author stands: with the people, in so far as their unheralded representatives have it in them. And when the Duke of Buckingham failed, partly because of the plurality of his offices and his own extraordinary ambition, Mr. Gibbs remarks that "it was not in his nature to understand that the highest motives do not make amends for failure." This is a nugget of wisdom that should be carried in mind by everybody, starting with football coaches.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

## The Week's Reading

"THE SOVIETS CONQUER WHEAT," by Anna Louise Strong (Holt, $2.50). The publishers inadequately describe Miss Strong as "for nine years an author in the Soviet Union." From other news statements we learn that Miss Strong went to Russia as a member of the Friends Relief Association; that she founded and edited the only English language newspaper in Russia, the *Moscow News;* that she was a correspondent for an American newspaper combine; that she organized training and home schools for Russian children; and that she "nearly died of typhus while ministering to starving Russians during the great hungry year of the Volga." Surely this background of nine years life in Russia entitles her to speak as one who knows. It is important to understand this, because her book is, we believe, the first detailed account of the attempt to impose collectivism on Russian agriculture. Miss Strong sums up in the sentence, "In a single year, with a single harvest, the Soviet Union leaped into place as a great power."

The stupendous harvest of 1930, she says, was due to collectivism; there were "appalling mistakes and stupendous successes"; the kulaks were treated with what we here would call total disregard of personal rights; "kulak" means "fist" and the kulaks were a hard-fisted set; Soviet Russia has no more sympathy for them than it had for the fugitive nobles of the old régime. Like it or lump it, in Russia the present well-fare or ill-fare of the individual doesn't count against the progress of an idealist state—Lenin's proletarian despotism. The wonder of the present stage is that collectivism should be applied so soon to agriculture; that credit or discredit, is Stalin's; and it was largely on that point that he and Trotsky split. His defense is, in Miss Strong's words, that "In spite of all the chaos attending the first year of mass collectivization, in spite of class war in the villages, accompanied by arson and murder, in spite of bad organization, excesses, and the struggle of dark forces in every peasant soul—the grain harvest of 1930 reached 3,600,000,000 bushels, which was six hundred million higher than the previous year."

Miss Strong saw this painful and astounding process; she gives vivid and realistic accounts of struggles, fights, family disruption, human nature at its worst and meanest as well as its best, but she asserts that the fight for the new farming was won.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

"THE INQUISITION," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Appleton, $3). There is probably no institution known to civilization since the tenth century that has been more widely misunderstood than the Inquisition. Proof of this lies in the fact that one can hardly write the word without inserting "Spanish," and this despite the fact that Spain all along was by comparison quite humane when it came to forcing people to retract or be put to slow but sure death. Mr. Verrill has recited, in his 353 pages, so many of the means of torturing people that those who want their tales of horror served up with laconic efficiency may accuse him of padding. But the entire story is so important, if we are to understand how the Inquisition came into being and how it was perverted by its lesser-souled manipulators, that less insistence on de-

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tails might have led to the fancy that it was merely another case of exaggeration. The book is in truth just what it should be—a study that makes for greater intelligence. There is appended a bibliography of nearly four hundred works; this should be enough to convince even the skeptical. The volume shows that, due to the countless beliefs that were functioning by the tenth century, there would now be no Christianity had there then been no Inquisition. But, man being man, the thing got beyond human control so that, were the Inquisition still in existence, there would now be no Christianity. But the Catholic Church may be acquitted of much (Mr. Verrill is a Protestant), since the Papal Inquisition was not instituted until 1231. Nor were the killings all due to religious beliefs. Every sort of hideousness was dug up as material for conviction—so that Spain might not be mastered by Moors and Jews, and the Catholics might not get all the business in South America, for the Protestants racked Catholics as well as the reverse. It is a remarkably sane, sound and objective treatise. If Mr. Verrill errs at all it is in his repeated contention that the inquisitorial method has not ceased to exist, as witness our rubber-hosing of supposed criminals as a means of gathering evidence. Maybe, but we have moved up since the days of old.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

"S. S. SAN PEDRO," by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50). Sea cataclysms have so essential a power over the imagination that anyone, setting out to describe these events, wins your absorption from the start. You cannot ignore the drama of wicked waters and men's gallant effort to defraud them. So, in this tale of a sinking ship, Mr. Cozzens holds the forces of life and death at his disposal. Just before the S. S. San Pedro sets sail, a doctor comes aboard to examine the aging captain. On his way off the ship, he says to one of the officers: "But you do not float quite level, do you?" The officer notices, then, for the first time, that there is a slight list to port. Two days out, the San Pedro, freighted with a consignment of machine-guns, automobiles, cash registers and some hundred and seventy passengers, rides into a gale. The list, heretofore ignored, steadily accentuates. One by one the mechanical contrivances in which the officers, the men, and the passengers have staked their faith begin to rebel. The devil of destruction gets loose. Doors, windows, valves, electricity and finally wireless break down. The fight of a few men against maddened machinery and a scheming sea proves hideously unequal. Mr. Cozzens, ending the fight as the San Pedro rolls over, does not indulge in the psychological speculations which lie so easily to hand. The little book is wholly objective; the treatment of the story is concrete, sharp, and final, like the timed explosion of a gun.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

"HIDDEN SPRINGS of the Russian Revolution." Personal Memoirs of Katerina Breshkovskaia. Edited by Lincoln Hutchinson (Stanford University Press, $5). The average American

*One of Lynd Ward's illustrations for "Most Women" by Alec Waugh (Farrar & Rinehart)*

considers the Russian Revolution without a background. Were it not that through our Jewish compatriots we knew of the pogroms under the Tsar, we would have no notion at all of the tradition of arbitrary government and official violence which compelled the least politically minded race in Europe to undertake the most audacious political experiment of the present age.

When we read in this book that "several thousands of men and women students were driven into the huge building of the Riding School at Moscow; there the gendarmes turned them over to the mercy of a band of mounted Cossacks, who flogged the defenseless youths with knouts and insulted and outraged the girls" we begin to understand the passionate flame of hatred which inspired boys and girls of education to embrace a career of revolution in which misery, imprisonment, torture and exile were an organic part.

Of these ardent rebels Katerina Breshkovskaia was one of the most prominent. Her spirit was a beacon against the storm of knouts and Cossacks with which the Tsars attempted to maintain their autocracy. Her memoirs constitute a convenient background on which we can get the perspective of the Revolution of 1917. After "three years of a war which had caught in its meshes nearly every family in the country" and which "revealed the deficiencies of the Russian governmental apparatus more clearly than ever before," there was nothing which could save the Romanoffs. The whole system was rotten, through and through, and had to go.

The Breshkovskaia, however, was one of those Revolutionaries who attained their object with the Kerensky government. She has no sympathy with Bolshevist Revolution of November, 1917, or with the present régime. She feels that human nature is still at work in Russia and will modify the arbitrary administration of the Communists in the direction of a democratic republic. She concludes that "my beloved Russian people will sober down from their revolutionary madness, and we shall once more be able to work hand in hand with them in rebuilding a land of freedom, honor and true fraternity."

If, therefore, you wish to obtain an idea of the present trend or policy in Russia, you will have to seek other sources. There are numerous able and impartial books on the question, as well as innumerable hasty or partisan books. The merit of this volume is the fact that it shows how the abuses of the Tsarist system of government had exhausted the patience of the Russian people and had enlisted the revolutionary enthusiasm of all those who had the welfare of the Russian people at heart. Where Trotsky deals in doctrines and party mechanics and where Ilin dramatizes the Five-Year Plan for one-syllable minds, the Memoirs of Katerina Breshkovskaia explain how the clumsy ploughshare of the Autocrat of All the Russias prepared the soil for the greatest political cataclysm of our times.

JOHN CARTER.

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The list of ten best-selling books printed on page 56 is compiled from reports sent to the OUTLOOK each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

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## Behind the Blurbs

IN SPITE of his turgid style, Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe offers us, in *True Stories of Immortal Crimes*[1], a full measure of shudders and thrills. From the secret archives of the Paris police, to which he has had access, he has selected a number of the most famous cases. Here you can read as much as will ever be known of the Man in the Iron Mask, the story of Picard, original of Dumas' Count of Monte Cristo, the history of the Queen's Necklace, and a number of the adventures of that greatest of all detectives, Vidocq. Here you will find that beautiful female Bluebeard who embalmed her victims' heads, the fiendish Abbé Fargeol, and the grotesque and horrible Bat. A book that will impress you with the superiority of fact over fiction. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Snug Harbour*[2] is an omnibus volume containing 58 W. W. Jacob stories. Though we disagree with the jacket, which states that they are "the best stories," since they have been gathered only from books by this author published by Scribner's, and some of the best stories are contained in books brought out by another publisher. However, it is a representative selection, and a grand book to shove in your bag as ennui insurance next week-end. ♣ ♣ ♣ An unusual first novel is *The Opening of a Door*[3], which gives you a view of the MacDougall family from the inside, with all their aimlessness and pettiness and muddle-headedness. In a clear and unpretentious style, which makes some of the scenes unforgettably vivid, the author paints Grandmother and Aunt Flora and Uncle Albert and the rest truly and exactly, without being overconscious of his audience or eager to prove anything. If you insist on a story you'll be disappointed—the book is a series of scenes. But it tells things about the MacDougalls that a story could never tell. ♣ ♣ ♣ September book club choices: F. O. Mann's *Albert Grope*—the Book League; Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Susan Spray*—Book of the Month Club; Roark Bradford's *John Henry* — Literary Guild. ♣ ♣ ♣ Just ordinary middle-western, small town folk are the protagonists of the stories in Ruth Suckow's *Children and Older People*[4]. The older people are much like the children—as immature, but not as simple. But Miss Suckow treats them with a sympathy that emphasizes for the reader their kinship with him. Unconsciously you identify yourself with them, so that their foolishness and stupidity become warm and excusable.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Dutton, $3.00.
2. Scribners, $2.50.
3. By George Davis: Harpers, $2.50.
4. Knopf, $2.50.

## Music

### *Notable New Recordings*

I'LL *Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal, You* is what Louis Armstrong chortles with amazingly infectious gusto on his latest record. In this highly original composition Mr. Armstrong outdoes even his own best efforts. "What is it that you got, makes my wife think you're so hot?" he asks and then goes into a laugh that I think would make anybody join in his delight that when his rival "is six feet deep, no more fried chicken will he eat." On the reverse Louis and his orchestra do an only slightly more conventional *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*[1]. By all means the most amusing dance record in months.

Another colored contribution is Clara Smith's possibly libelous but certainly comic and instructive recounting of the pleasures and troubles of Mr. Pantages, the theatrical producer who is now in jail for assaulting a girl under age. *Ol' Sam Tages* is the not very misleading title. "If you get 'em young, you'd better wait—for that's what makes good jailhouse bait," is Miss Smith's advice. Had he followed it, Mr. Pantages would not "now be wentin' to ol' San Quentin, where fifteen years he'll be repentin'." On the back of this disk, Miss Smith is, as the label has it, assisted by Asbestos Burns in *Unemployed Papa—Charity Workin' Mama*[2]. Obviously this is nothing if not timely and topical.

Becoming slightly more elegant, I would like to call to the attention of dancers the two records of tunes from the new George White's *Scandals* which Victor has already issued, although the show hasn't yet come to town. Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees sing and play *The Thrill Is Gone* and *My Song*[3] on one, and *This Is the Missus* and *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries*[4] on the other and, I must reluctantly admit, very well indeed. Mr. Vallee has completely changed his style and it is a great improvement. The songs are all good ones, except that Bud de Sylva's lyrical contribution to the old de Sylva, Brown and Henderson song factory is missed.

O. C.-T.

1. Okeh, 41504.
2. Columbia, 14619-D.
3. Victor, 22784.
4. Victor, 22783.


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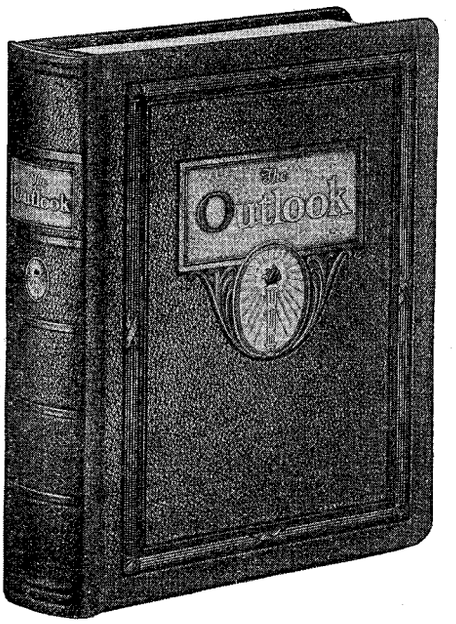


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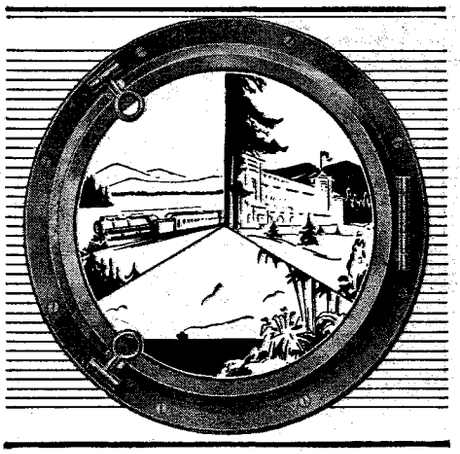

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# Prose and Worse

*Dear Prose and Worse:*

Being encouraged by seeing a poem of my brother-in-law's in a recent issue, I am sending an early effort of mine which I have just found in my grandmother's attic. You know she keeps *everything*. I wrote it at the age of five.

Very truly yours,
SAPPHIRA HOOKER (Mrs. Ananias L.).

Here it is—

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever of my brow.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Sapphira Hooker to this column. "Sapphira," by the way, means "beautiful"—which fact may conceal a moral, or a message of hope to some of us, or something.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

We have received, too, another communication from Captain Aeneas Hooker. Undismayed by our reproaches and several dozen protesting letters from scandalized readers which we sent him, he addresses us as follows:

"Sir: I have read your recent letter, with its enclosures, and I must say that I am surprised that a man of your intelligence should lend your support on such flimsy evidence to the claims of this man Scott. The anthology of popular poetry, containing a set of the verses in question over his name, certainly did not convince me of anything but the fact of the widespread plagiarism of which I have been the unwitting victim. I find in it literally dozens of short pieces whose familiarity assures me that I, and not the gentlemen whose names are signed to them, am their author. True, the originals in my own writing are not immediately at hand. I could doubtless find them by searching through the many chests and trunks in which my manuscripts are packed. But for myself I need no such ocular proof, and for others, my word must be enough. I believe that few who know me will care to question it.

"The original of one of these poems, however, I am fortunately able to send to you. Indeed, I had read it over at the time of sending you the other poem, and thought that later I might let you have it for your column. What was my amazement to find it included in this anthology, over the signature of some fellow, I forget his name, whom I have never heard of. Sir, this passes all bounds! For some years now I have been living in retirement down here in quiet old Wophasset, but time has not impaired the accuracy of my aim or the firmness of my wrist. I can still—and often, to amuse my guests, do—roll a small keg downstairs and fire six shots through the bunghole before it reaches the bottom. The decline of swordsmanship (and under that head I do not include the rapier, which I have never considered a serious weapon), and the consequent dearth of worthy opponents, has no doubt somewhat impaired my own skill, and I am free to admit that I have not the mastery I possessed in the days when the great Angelo admitted not only that had he nothing further to teach me, but that he should by rights be taking lessons from me. Nevertheless with cavalry sabre, broadsword or Krummsäbel I am undoubtedly the equal of any man living. So let those who may have thought to impose upon the forgetfulness or waning prowess of an old fighter beware!

"In the meantime, if you will give me this man Scott's present address, I shall have one of my friends wait upon him to challenge him to a meeting upon the field of honor, where this matter may be decided in a manner befitting gentlemen.

AENEAS B. HOOKER."

ENCLOSED with this letter was a copy of the verses he mentioned. Before printing them, however, we wish to consult our readers, for the familiarity which to Captain Hooker seems to prove authorship, we also have felt in reading them, and to us it indicates something quite different. "Beneath the spreading chestnut tree," the lines begin, and it is this phrase which seems so suspiciously familiar. Perhaps some of our readers can tell us whether or not they have ever been printed before. We are haunted by a feeling that we have read it at some time in the past, and yet—perhaps it is the association of the word "chestnut" with something repeated. We shall be glad of assistance on this point.

Meanwhile we have again attempted to explain to the good captain who Sir Walter Scott really is. We hope to get the matter cleared up without any bloodshed.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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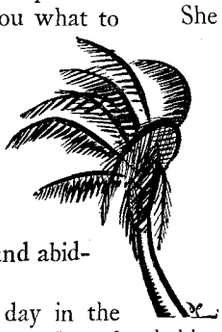
# From the Life

## Witch

THE great Bank lifted and spread its hands above the city like a marble beatitude. Its voice, cool and musical, rose above the discordances of traffic. "Here am I," flowed the voice of the great Bank, "here am I—money."

"Enter here," sang the high arched doorways, "and be at rest."

"Come, lay your problems upon us," purred the glistening rows of polished desks, "and we will advise you what to do."



And the chorus of serious, kindly men whose faces rose above those mahogany surfaces murmured a sympathetic accompaniment. It was a noble and high-minded Bank, planted upon faith and abiding in security.

On one sultry summer's day in the early afternoon the lofty building glowed with beauty and comfort. The air that flowed between the marble floors and vaulted ceilings was twenty degrees cooler than on the street outside and the hot passersby looked wistfully over their shoulders at the dim, wide doorways. If one only had a reason for going inside—? But alas! There are not many reasons for entering a bank. The passers-by shook their heads hopelessly and, grateful for even the billowing suspicion of coolness, hurried on. Inside, past the gleaming desks—beyond the marble floors—lurking in the shadows of an archway was the Ladies' Lounging Room. Here were silken ladies reclining in nests of down; in small groups chatting together—or alone, smoking idly, turning the pages of magazines, glancing up from under long, insolent lashes at an occasional newcomer.

"These are my darlings," spoke the Bank complacently. "I have made them. Out of my own bones and breath." And it was clear that the Bank had done excellently well, and deserved its own opinion of itself. For it was plain in this room that money was beautiful and fine; the spirit of it was there for all to see, smoldering in the depths of the carpet, beating softly in the colors of the divans and wide chairs, burning secretly in the bright lamps.

The low-voiced clock upon the mantel was about to strike the hour, when the witch came in. She had entered at the great front portals, hobbled over the shining floor and reached the Ladies' Lounging Room with none to stop her. Here she came to a halt and surveyed the place with bright, beady eyes glowing blackly in a withered yellow face. No one looked at her. No one seemed to know that she had come.

Only the white-aproned matron standing stiffly across the room lifted her eyes and stared. The witch nodded grimly and crossing over sank into a chair beside the matron.

"Here!" she ordered imperiously in a shrill, cracked voice, motioning with her sharp chin to the matron, "I want to tell you something!"

She might have been an old friend of the matron's mother; she might have been a charwoman; she might have been the most revered and eccentric patron of the Bank. The matron moved over respectfully.

"Do you know they're killing children in the streets?" asked the witch triumphantly. "That's what they're doing now! Killing babies—covering 'em with blood—leaving 'em to die in gutters—"

The matron nodded fearfully. "I seen in the papers—" she began.

"In the papers!" screamed the witch. "Look around you. On the sidewalks. It ain't safe to go out. They're shooting 'em down on every corner. For money! All for money. To get hold of other people's money."

The matron rolled her eyes piously.

"What's the use of having children?" shrieked the witch. "Do you like to go places? Stay home! I tell you it ain't safe. What's the use of going places? To be seen and have 'em snatch your money?" She writhed inside her ill-assorted clothes.

"What's the use of pretty clothes?" hissed the witch. "Look at me! I've a good hat at home. A first class hat. Do I wear it? And tell 'em I've got money? They'd be killing me. For money. Don't you be wearing pretty clothes—or going places any more. I'm telling you! It ain't safe. Not even—" she glared warningly around the silent room—"not even to go driving round. How do you know who is the driver? How do you know but that he'll leave you dead and murdered? For money. Life! Life's no use any more. All on account of money."

She looked up sharply at a lovely darling that floated airily in from the banking rooms outside and over to the telephone. "You think that one's a customer?" she asked in a sibilant, derisive whisper. "Not a bit of it! You want to watch 'em well. Most of 'em's got no business in this place!"

The matron came out of her trance and gulped. "Yes—yes—she is a customer. I know that one. I know them all. The customers."

The witch threw back her head upon a withered neck and laughed sardonically.

"Well, maybe—" she agreed bitterly. "Maybe you're a smart one." She rose slowly, painfully, to her knobbled feet and turned her eyes like burning searchlights around the listening room.

And as she looked the room fell into tawdry bits of high-priced merchandise. The silken ladies had turned to vacant masks. On the carved mantelpiece that upheld the glittering mirror, the clock—elaborate and dumb—had stopped. She crawled and hobbled through the arched doorway and paused to look at all the belligerent desks that ranged themselves like ranks of hardened soldiers. The men who sat behind them in a few moments had become shrewd and white-faced as though they had long ago bartered away their souls.

The witch dragged herself over the cold marble, under the dreary vaulted ceiling and out into the sultry street.

But the lofty building behind her sat there like a stricken creature. The great Bank had had a visit from his disreputable wife.

IBBY HALL.

## Roosevelt the Favorite!

(Continued from Page 45)

support him notwithstanding.

"Any nominee will experience some disaffection in the South, because the nominee is sure to be wet," wrote E. D. Lambright of the Tampa, Florida, *Tribune*, "but Roosevelt appears less objectionable hereabouts on this score. The South will be back in the fold, with any nominee except Smith."

Although "some of the preachers will raise a howl on account of his wetness," reported Roger C. Peace of the Greenville *News*, Roosevelt will receive the South Carolina vote. From Mississippi came one of the frankest and probably one of the most accurate reflections of southern opinion. It was from Frederick Sullens of the Jackson *News:*

"I believe it is written in the stars that Roosevelt will be the nominee," Mr. Sullens wrote. "The Mississippi delegation will be for him, despite his slight 'wetness.' Incidentally, we are not so darned 'dry' down here as the rest of the nation believes us to be. Everybody who wants prohibition has prohibition, and everybody who wants liquor gets liquor. We would all be wonderfully happy were it not for Hoover prosperity, boll weevils, excessive rains and putrid state politics."

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# Brood of Folly

(Continued from Page 47)

When the time arrives—as apparently it will—when the question of a man's or a woman's legitimacy is of as little moment and of as purely personal concern as is the color of his or her hair, we shall have fewer or none of the hysterical championings of illegitimacy for its own sake which now mark the transition period. In 1930, to give a typical instance, a Connecticut woman was charged by her estranged husband with unfitness for the care of their legitimate child, because subsequently she had had another child by a man whom she refused to name. In court, "after several churchwomen had testified to her good moral character and her activity in their religious work," she calmly admitted her parenthood of the second child; and her attorney, calling her "a modern woman," said that "she thinks it is quite all right to have a baby, regardless of whether or not she is legally married to the child's father, and it has nothing to do with her fitness as a mother."

A generation ago such a defense would have been unthinkable; so would the protection of the defendant by the parents of her first husband, whom she divorced to marry the man who later tried to take their child from her. But a generation from now the suit itself will probably be as unlikely; we shall have reached a point where, in divorce or similar hearings, the fitness of the mother to care for her children will be dependent on her general mental, physical and financial stability, and on her character as a whole, not on her adherence to what is an arbitrary legal and social rite.

WHETHER an increase in our rate of illegitimacy in this country, and concurrently of our social toleration of it as an existing fact, is a desirable or an undesirable trend, will be determined by the cultural and chiefly by the religious background of the individual viewing the phenomenon. Whatever one's attitude toward the unmarried parents, it would seem that common mercy and justice would approve of the removal of stigma from the child, who has had no say in the manner of its birth. Yet I cannot forget my surprise when once, casually remarking to an acquaintance that, in accordance with Judge Yankwich's quotation, there might be illegitimate parents, but properly speaking there could not be an illegitimate child, and that our persecution, not of the bastardizer but of the bastard, was unworthy of a real civilization, I was met with blank indignation, based on the theological dogma that the sins of the fathers must be visited on the children "to the third and fourth generation." Undoubtedly a great deal of such feeling still obtains, especially in small towns and narrow circles—and my surprise was not mitigated by the knowledge that the person who so angrily repudiated my opinion was himself possessed of an illegitimate son whom he neither saw nor supported!

But just as undoubtedly such a reaction is becoming less common and usual among the ordinary run of middle-class Americans. They may not approve, but neither do they automatically condemn. Probably even the most bigoted among us would shrink from our ancestors of the sixteenth century, when, as Margaret Wilson remarks in "The Crime of Punishment," mothers of illegitimate children were whipped in public until they confessed the name of the father. That fanatical persecution-mania which branded Hester Prynne with the scarlet "A" still flares up occasionally from its embers. A typical instance is a recent case in a small town, where an unmarried mother so dreaded the scandal and ignominy confronting her that in desperation she thrust her new-born infant into an incinerator. But the fire is gradually dying. More and more we are growing to feel with Dr. George Ryley Scott, who says in "Marry or Burn" that "the burdening of the child with illegitimacy is an example of a silly and cruel punishment applied to some one guilty of no misdemeanor. On this ground alone there should be no obloquy attached to the child born out of wedlock."

Perhaps by the twenty-first century we may all be sufficiently civilized not to ostracize a fellow-being on the sole ground that not he, but his father and mother before he existed, neglected the marriage ceremony.

## *Through a Glass Darkly*

**From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of September 5, 1951**

Secretary of Agriculture Pin Chow of the Republic of China, addressing the Parliament on Monday, credited to the American Foresters' Commission to China of 1933 the colossal program of reforestation "which was the foundation of the unity and prosperity of New China."

An extra dividend of two dollars per share was voted this week by the directors of the Graphite Reclaiming Co., incorporated in 1940 to collect and utilize the graphite of discarded pencil stubs.

Capt. and Mrs. Charles A. Slocum received an ovation last Friday at the Battery, New York City, on the successful completion of the Longest Multi-Stop Flight Around the World in their amphibian plane, the "Spirit of Marco Polo." Their time was three years, four months, fifteen days, one hour and forty seconds.

## Cruises to Nowhere

(Continued from Page 49)

five cents so close to the land of speakeasies and extortion. They did. Draught ale and beer were ten cents. Whisky sours were thirty cents; a whisky and soda (*not* Scotch and soda, please, for this was a British ship) cost forty cents. The drinking before luncheon was enthusiastic but decorous, on the whole. After all, but a small percentage of the 800 on board could crowd into the small bar and there was comparatively little business in the smoking room.

Some of these cruises, no doubt, have been excessively wet. Perhaps the first few attracted the more impatient Americans. But on board the *Aquitania* I found a wholly astonishing callousness, in marked contrast to the attitude on a trip to Bermuda four or five years ago. Then the stampede to the bar at the twelve-mile line was almost spectacular. The extent of the drinking was awe-inspiring. The jollification was continuous. One night six enthusiastic drinkers, whom I did not know, piled into my cabin and had to be shoveled out by several stewards. This time, among the 800 on board, only a score drank too well and not very wisely. Of these, only two were really annoying. The first was an elderly man who had purchased a dozen golf balls in a shop on A deck and kept begging the rest of us to go outside with him and see how far he could toss, not drive, the balls into the sea. No one went and he enjoyed his masochistic pleasure by himself, even after he had bought a fresh dozen. The second annoyance was in the person of a cheerful fool who, at the same shop, had obtained several mechanical animals. Wound up, his elephant and tiger paced slowly along the top of the bar and endangered the safety of our drinks. These two, and numerous quartets spontaneously organized in the late evening, were the only serious annoyances. The calmness with which these supposedly frantic Americans viewed the chance to drink is probably deeply significant and worth the attention of serious students of prohibition. It indicates, for example, that there will be no elaborate orgies of drinking should the day ever come when the Volstead Act is repealed. It indicates, more specifically, that the bootleggers have perfected their or-

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ganization on shore. One man, at my right, raised his glass to his companion.

"Good Scotch," he said.

"Cheap," his companion answered. "That's what impresses me, and it was decent of the Cunard people, too. They could have raised their prices fifty per cent and the crowd would have paid."

"You can't get liquor like this ashore," said the first.

"Oh, I don't know, I know a place in the Sixties in New York where . . . ."

IN ALL probability, wild parties were held in some of the cabins, but the public rooms of the *Aquitania* were singularly orderly. We were due in New York on Tuesday night, after spending part of Sunday in Halifax. On Monday night, if ever, revelry should reign. There was plenty of activity but the whoopee note was again missing. Dancing began soon after dinner. A cabaret was held in the main dining room at midnight. Dancing started again in the garden lounge at 2 o'clock in the morning and it lasted almost until dawn. The bar, however, had closed at 2 o'clock and the dance was identical with dozens we have all attended ashore. The corpulent gentleman who likes to dance very much, but does it very badly, was there. A young married couple danced with each other unceasingly. There was the inevitable girl, in this case a very pretty and very youthful blonde, whose heart had been won by a collegiate saxophone player in the band.

Nothing more exciting occurred. Not very many people drink, even when the opportunity affords, before noon, and the bar closed at that hour on the final day. By 4:30 o'clock we were back at the pier in the Hudson River and the customs guards, a little resentful that this extra work had been heaped upon them, proceeded to examine our baggage. On Sunday, in Halifax, the stores had been closed. Our only opportunity to make purchases had been on the ship itself and the duty collected from the 800 passengers cannot possibly have achieved a total of $10. My own guard looked suspiciously at a declaration which set forth the purchase of four tins of English tobacco, value $1.80.

"You bought *nothing* else?" he demanded. No, nothing. "You brought nothing else ashore?" No. How much, he then demanded, did the pipe tobacco weigh? I said that it was unmarked and that I did not know. This seemed rather irregular and, with the assistance of another official, the tins were carefully examined. The first guard balanced each of them on his hand and frowned. "Total, one pound," he ruled. It was so noted on the declarations, and I left the pier.


# THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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***Beginning next week in the OUTLOOK***

**THEODORE ROOSEVELT, A Biography**


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**Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.**

**All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.**

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